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Volume CLXXX No. 2349 The SPHERE, London, January 27, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE LAST REMAINING STRONGHOLD IN THE GERMAN BULGE IN THE ARDENNES: A VIEW FROM THE AIR SHOWING ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE TOWN OF ST. VITH after the Germans in possession of it had been subjected to a "saturation raid" carried out by Allied bombers

To all intents and purposes, the once-considerable German "bulge" into Belgium can now be regarded as finished: in Field-Marshal Montgomery's phrase, it has been "written off." The only important town remaining to the enemy in the almost-obliterated salient is St. Vith, a keypoint on which the Allies are now pressing heavily. What the continued occupation of this town has meant to the Germans is vividly portrayed in the impressive picture reproduced above. It was taken after a "saturation raid" by Allied bombers on the German forces and supply dumps in and around St. Vith. The latter—or what remains of it—is seen in the foreground, with fires still burning: all around the earth is pitted with huge craters, and with not a living object in sight

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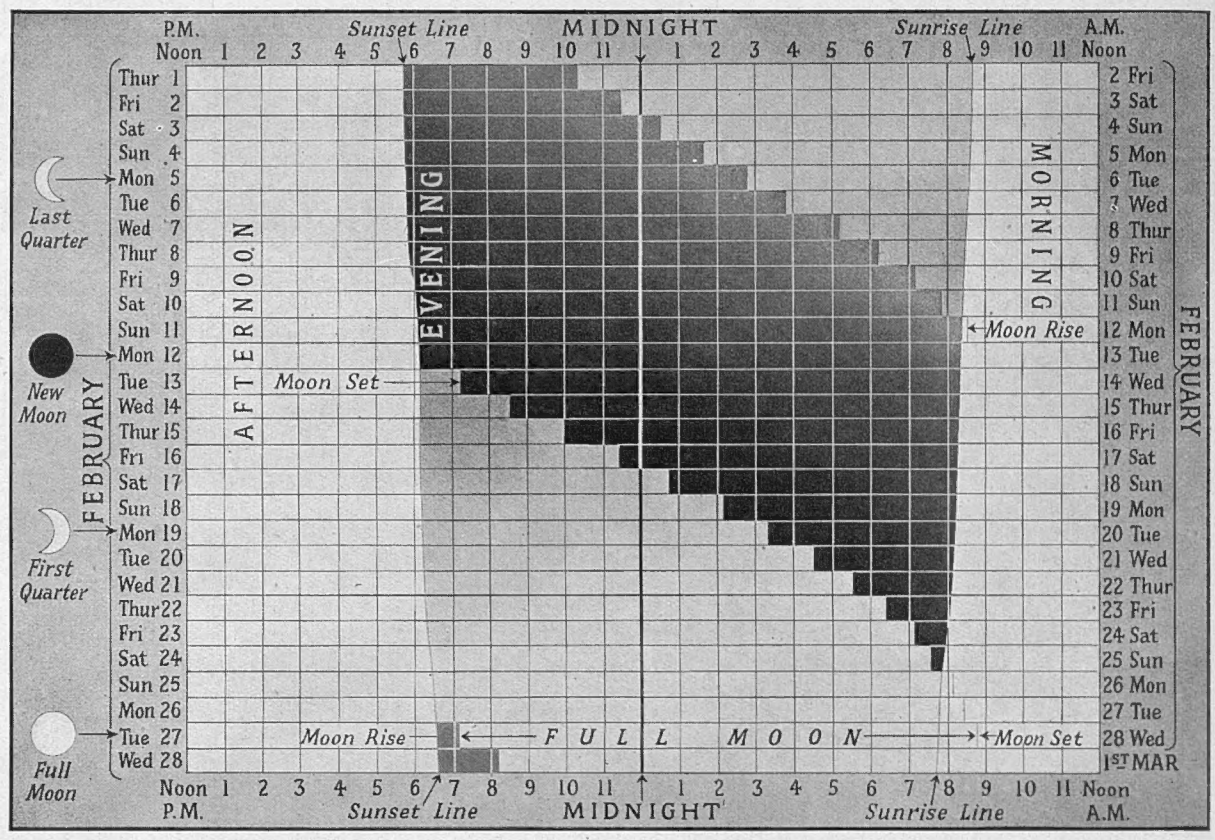
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 282

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Two Pictures.—That Mr. Churchill was "ever a fighter" must be admitted by all his friends and fans. It would be wrong to deduce from that fact (as a few bitter critics do) that he loves war. He revels in a fight, his notion of defence in any situation is attack. That is a very different proposition. It may be his methods of defence in Parliament are too aggressive for peace. They are effective enough in war, even if they do not persuade or conciliate a minority. It might be fair criticism to say that his methods in debate rule out the ideal he for ever preaches—the ideal of national unity, loyalty and disciplined restraint. But he is human, and, God knows, he is tried enough, and a great majority of the nation shares his contempt for the mean and little-minded saboteurs of the Allied effort in Press and Parliaments and on the tubs. All the same, it is possible for a supporter, whole-hog, of the Government and of the cause to urge that the situation even in Greece may be "simplified" too much and too lightly. It is an obscure and very intricate problem still, and may well be repeated in Italy and elsewhere. Like the realist and fighter he is, in his last review in Parliament he plunged first into the ugly side of the picture and smashed his way through it robustly enough. Very different was the other picture of business done to date. This was a *bonne bouche* indeed to follow an austerity holiday. Never since the war began (he admitted) had he been able to present a situation on the war fronts so pregnant with confidence, so big with hope, so generally favourable for the longings of humanity. He promised us that, from this day forth, east, west, south, the fighting fronts shall continue to blaze until the fires reach Berlin and consume the last foundations of Fascism and tyranny, and set the freedoms free once more. You and I think that in all creation none will breathe with relief more absolute when that day comes than ourselves. I wonder if we underestimate the relief it will bring to Mr. Churchill? I doubt whether he loves war to-day so much as to be willing to prolong it by one unnecessary hour. If war has won him immortality, he has paid in the coin of mortality.

The Débâcle?—By the week-end of January 20, so staggering had become the pace, depth and breadth of the Russian advance to Germany all along the vast front that almost nothing seemed too improbable for hope to toy with. It is true to say that Moscow itself was day after day 30 miles behind the Russian armies in its estimates of "business done," and the guns that fired salvos for Koniev and Krakov and Kutno and Zhukov might have used up their powder for Kalisz and even Koenigsberg. It is extraordinarily interesting to record that for once this dazzling, smashing, unbelievable sweep did not throw the Allies off their mental balance. At long last, we have temporarily learned our bitter lesson; and though the Moscow salvos have fired non-stop for days, the Allied Presses and pundits rationed hope and kept their wildest dreams to themselves. The miracle of the Nazis' power to pull themselves together has too often clipped the wings of wild and soaring hopes. But everything must have an end, and the soberest pessimist may well wonder if any single nation, bled as white as Germany, can much longer endure such punishment or resist anywhere hammer-blows so terrific from every angle and compass-point. Even I ask myself to-day, is the débâcle at last opening out, so that a cool "logistician" may measure with a ruler on the map of Europe the probable date of the march down Unter den Linden? Let us for a brief space yet thank God for crowning mercies day after day, but make no play with the ruler on the map. Our world has once more undergone a transformation within a single week. Let us remember that the last transformation within a week was recent enough and its surprise less rosy. We can none of us afford to despise the dying dragon's tail, while a lash remains to it; and the virtues of vigilance, unity, loyalty and endurance are as necessary to-day and to-morrow as yesterday. And here is a corrective footnote from history, not inept. Remember Ulm, Austerlitz, Friedland. The miracle of speed with which Napoleon moved his troops to win these victories struck the Allies of that day with no less wonder than Stalin's advances strike us to-day. Indeed, allowing for the difference in the means of communication and transport, Bonaparte's speed of movement may still hold the record.



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Berlin . . . and Beyond.—Human nature being what it is, and human reasoning at least higher than that of poultry, no power on earth can prevent us from hoping and dreaming wonderful dreams that now is our salvation nearer than we believed. But let us dream with our eyes open and with our hands on the plough. It *may* be the débâcle for the Nazis; there *may* still be ahead one more débâcle for soaring hope. But I confess that my reason points to sober confidence that the final crack is yawning and the curtain is beginning slowly to fall on the long, detestable tragedy. And if it be so, then it is a race for Berlin, a friendly contest among pledged Allies. The Russians still have the longest road to travel, but they will travel over the easier ground. I am not convinced that it will distress me if the Western Allies lose the race to Berlin. I appreciate the prestige which "first home" will bring to the Allied Army and nation which wins the stakes, but I appreciate also that the prize carries obligations and duties of a grim and awful sort, and it may well be that the Red Army is best equipped to organise the execution of those duties. Whichever of the Allies first handles the broom (and whenever), we do not blind ourselves to the certainty that after the curtain rings down on war there will still be many and grievous differences in opinion and policy to be thrashed out among the Allies, and we can only hope that the second act may be played not less worthily than the first, with as much restraint and with no less loyalty, and with mutual deference to the ideas and characteristics of great nations so widely different in their natures. Meanwhile, we are still some way from Berlin. . .

The Rising Sun?—While our eyes are focussed inevitably on Poland and the Ardennes, the Far Eastern war has been undergoing a mighty transformation. We cannot look in all directions, and "first things first" is human nature and common sense. But if statistics can be relied on for even 40 per cent. of the truth, the recent "extraordinary" meetings of the Tokyo Cabinet can be well explained. We have long been assured of the dangerous stage of wastage in Japanese shipping of all categories, and published details of the latest destruction are couched in figures which justify the term "crippling," and might well account for anxiety at Tokyo. Without adequate shipping, the plight of Japan's overseas expeditions to-day is almost everywhere hopeless. The Allied Fleets are at last at all strategic points and everywhere overwhelming, and the same may be said of the modern air arm supplements of sea power. If statistics are to be relied on . . .? But in the past five years, how often have statistics "proved" that the *Luftwaffe* over Germany has taken another and another Battle-of-Britain knock, a "crippling" knock . . . and yet come up again in strength? How often have the "tables" proved that the last reserves of oil have gone up in smoke and the last reserves of Panzer troops to the cages? No doubt statistics and estimates of "business done" in war, however carefully checked, are not yet an exact science, and though we are justified in our satisfaction, we must avoid over-confidence. It has played us false and cost us dear. It is a luxury which in war requires the most austere of rationing. None the less, the Far Eastern war *is* marching abreast with the European, and that is more than most of us expected a year ago. At the moment of writing, the "affair marches" everywhere with encouraging speed and well-timed co-operation. The New Year, which dawned in dark clouds and new doubts, is warming up and clearing with the returning sun.

Gordon Boys.—This year will be the sixtieth since Gordon's death at Khartoum. I have reason to remember the anniversary, for I was born in the year in which Gordon died. It is my Diamond Jubilee year as well as that of the Gordon Boys School, founded by the personal appeal of the Great Queen in Gordon's memory. The appeal booklet lies before me, and the choice of the photograph of a typical (I hope) Gordon Boy is a brilliant choice. It should charm the money out of your pocket. Field-Marshal Montgomery has lately declared from Holland that no finer or more useful long-term service is being done to-day than by this school. It is in urgent need of more money, to remodel its workshops, add class-rooms and staff rooms, refurnish and provide for after care. It costs to-day four times as much to maintain a boy at this school as it did in the year when I was born. That is a *fact* proved by daily experience, not by the pretty tables of nimble accountants and statisticians. What a chance for some rich reader of THE SPHERE to win the right to nominate a boy to the School. It will cost him but £250. What a clear duty before the poorest reader at least to send 5s. 6d. for a copy of the illustrated booklet. Gordon died because his country was *too late*. We have been *too late* often enough since 1885—with sad results. This time take time by the forelock. It is sixty years since. Donations to "Gordon and Gordon Boys," addressed to: The Treasurer, Gordon Boys School, West End, Woking, Surrey. Sit down quickly and write fifty, or, better still, sixty, a sovereign for every dilatory year since Gordon died.

How to Catch Moles?—If any country reader could spare the time to put me wise as to how to set a mole-trap effectively, he would have my deep gratitude. I find the run, I spring the trap, wearing gloves, and I find the trap sprung often enough, but no *body*. I don't want to make mountains out of molehills. That is being done for me—by the moles, on my lawns, beds, paths and wildernesses. Where do I go wrong? Ought I to set the circular head-catch in centre or near the leg? Ought I to set the trap up against one hole in the unearthed run or between the two exposed holes? Should the circular head-catch be exactly level with the exposed hole? And should the earth below be levelled hard to enable the trap to close easily? I understand how to spread a grass guard over the top before earthing over again. *But I never catch a mole.* What is wrong? Are my springs too weak, or my intellect?

THE OLD STAGER.

From the CONTINENTAL BATTLE-FRONTS

Late Pictures from the Western and Eastern Theatres; and Two Pictures from Greece

During the few days which have just elapsed, the news from all the fighting fronts has been so good that, once again, hopes have been springing high! In Russia and on the Western Front—to say nothing of Burma, or of the Philippines, where the Americans are sweeping on to Manila—it has been a tale of uninterrupted success. Even in Greece, a black spot for some weeks, an end to hostilities is within sight. The pictures reproduced here reflect some of the successes of an amazing ten days

THE ADVANCE BY THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY NORTH OF SITTARD ON THE WESTERN FRONT: In the face of blasting wind and snow, with no hard frost to make the going easier for the tanks, British troops have continued to advance north of Sittard. This picture, taken on January 19, shows them advancing from the German village of Tuddern to make a deeper penetration into Reich territory. As the infantry advance, they fling themselves flat on to the ground as German mortar shells land near by.

THE ATHENS CROWD CHEER CHURCHILL AND SCOBIE: On Sunday morning, January 14, the truce signed by the Greek Government forces and E.A.M.-E.L.A.S. was celebrated by big crowds. Cheering and marching, they converged on Constitution Square, carrying British and Greek flags and pictures of Winston Churchill

TRADE UNION DELEGATES MEET THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR: From Athens and the Piræus, these Greek delegates called at the British Embassy, to thank Mr. Rex Leeper for the British efforts to restore law and order in Greece. The Ambassador is in the left foreground

THE LIBERATION OF WARSAW: Units of the Polish Army pass through the city after the capital had been freed by the Red Army on January 17

IN RECAPTURED HOUFFALIZE: The bridge across the River Ourthe built by U.S. engineers to link up the First and Third U.S. Armies. Houffalize, scene of the most severe fighting during Rundstedt's drive and the Allied counter-attacks, was found to be but a city of ruins when it was finally wrested from the Germans. New bridges had to be built before the Americans could pursue the retreating German forces farther towards the East

BRITISH TROOPS CLEAR ECHT: Despite heavy snow, with mud under foot, the little town and road junction of Echt, east of Maeseyck, was taken early in the course of the new British drive. This picture, taken on January 19, shows how the infantry hunted through the town for any Germans left behind to harass our advance

THE LIBERATION OF WARSAW

The Story of the Most Tragic Capital of Europe, Under the Heel of the Germans for 5½ years

AS THE GERMAN ARMIES APPROACHED THE POLISH CAPITAL IN SEPTEMBER 1939: A group of Warsaw citizens, mostly boys and girls, but with a sprinkling of middle-aged men, set out to dig trenches for the defence of the city. At that moment the German hordes were sweeping across the Polish plains, backed up by the then all-powerful "Luftwaffe"

A RING OF TRENCHES AROUND WARSAW: With hundreds of thousands of men called to the colours, every able-bodied citizen (including boys and girls of school age) helped to dig air-raid trenches. When the German bombers came, thousands of Poles were killed

AFTER THE GERMAN BOMBERS HAD WRECKED THE CITY: The onslaught by the "Luftwaffe" on the unprepared Poles was amongst the most terrible of the war. Thousands were killed by the bombs, and whole areas of the beautiful city were laid waste. The bombing of Warsaw was deliberate

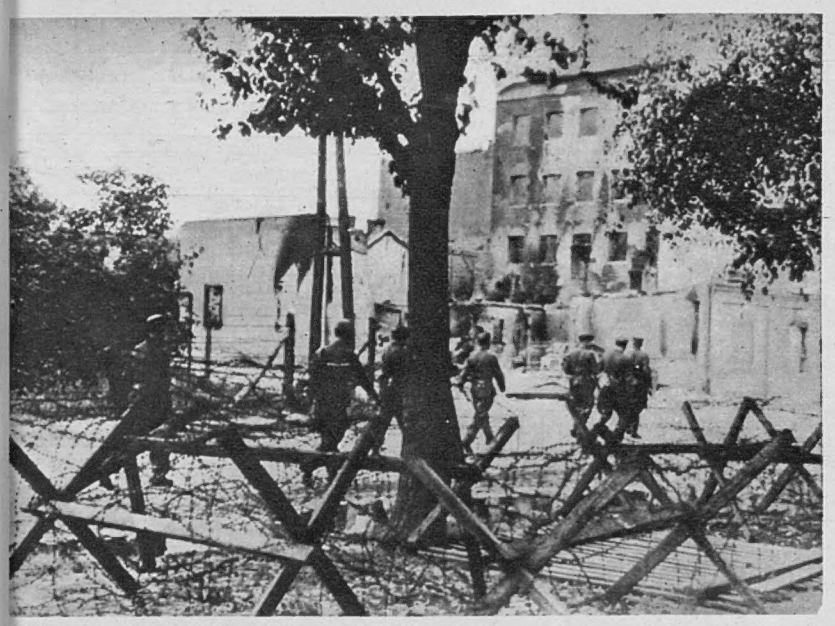
HITLER'S "TRIUMPHAL ENTRY" INTO WARSAW—a silent city to "welcome" the German army of occupation. This was the scene on October 5, 1939, when Hitler reviewed his victorious troops in the Polish capital. The processional route was lined with soldiers, but not a citizen appeared in the streets

THE CAPITULATION OF THE POLISH ARMY: After an heroic defence of their capital, these Polish soldiers despondently surrendered to the overwhelming Germans. They marched through the streets with an officer at their head, and were later all transported into Germany, where they still remain, as prisoners

THE POLISH PRISONERS ARE TRANSPORTED IN CARTS—a picture taken after the occupation by the Germans, as the defeated army was being taken off to the Reich for internment. Overturned tramcars, abandoned trenches and ruined buildings testified to the severity of the fighting in the city

FORCED LABOUR FOR THE POLISH POPULATION: After the Germans had overrun Warsaw the civilians became slaves. Harnessed to the German war machine, they were forced to build roads, work in the factories as ordered and many were deported to Germany itself—where millions of them still remain

LIFE IN WARSAW BECAME A MISERY: Transport was denied to the civil population, and improvisation everywhere took place. These bicycle-taxis were the only means of conveying goods from one part of the city to another for the Poles. Note the German soldiers passing in the background



WHEN THE POLES REBELLED IN AUGUST 1944: Street barricades erected by the patriots, who rose against the Germans as the Red Army appeared to be on the point of liberating Warsaw. The Nazis suppressed the revolt after bitter and costly fighting

BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES IN POLAND: These guerillas (some wearing captured German uniforms) kept up the fight after the collapse of the revolt. They were partisans belonging to the Ninth Infantry Regiment

THE BITTERNESS OF DEFEAT AFTER THE AUGUST 1944 CAPITULATION—one of the most tragic pictures of the whole Warsaw epic. Wounded and half-naked men of the Polish Resistance Army after their surrender to the Germans

GENERAL BOR A PRISONER: The leader of the August 1944 rising being driven from the German H.Q. in Warsaw

AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE 1944 REVOLT: The Red Army could not reach Warsaw in time to prevent the capture of these gallant soldiers. Many of them wounded, they are being marched away by the victorious Germans

THE LEADING FIGURES IN THE NEW POLISH NATIONAL COUNCIL: *On left*—G. Osubka-Morawski, President of the Polish Committee of National Liberation in Lublin. *In centre*—B. Bierut, President of the Polish National Council. *On right*—Colonel-General M. Rola-Zymierski, in charge of National Defence. These are now in charge in Warsaw

b

THE IMMEDIATE OBJECTIVE OF THE INVADERS OF LUZON: The modern, up-to-date city of Manila, capital of the Philippines. It came under the control of America in 1898, at the conclusion of the Spanish-American War. Since then, under their governance, it has become a thriving city notable for its general progress. This picture shows the Jones Bridge over the Pasig River—the main vehicular bridge between the business section and the residential suburbs. Juan Luna Street, along the waterfront, is seen in the background

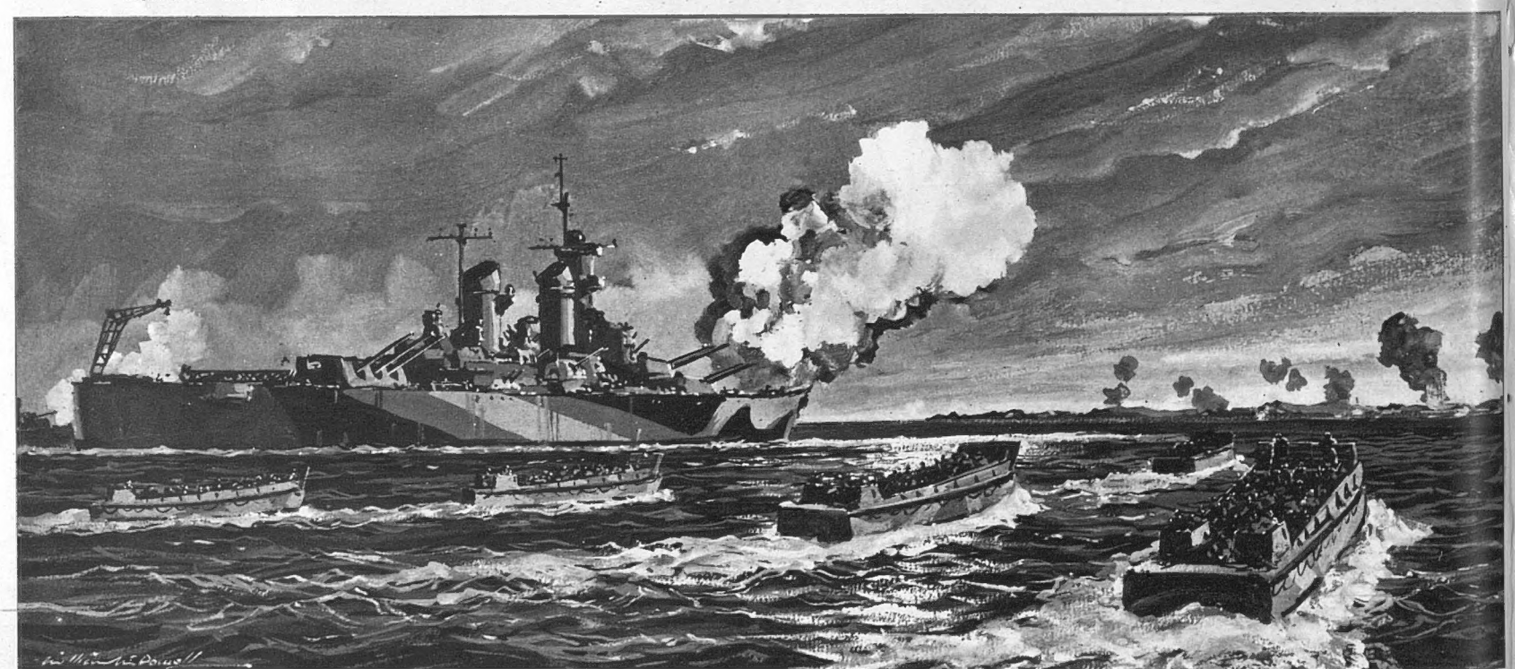
THE JAPANESE GENERAL IN COMMAND ON LUZON: General Yamashita, who is stated to be conducting the defence of the island

The INVASION of LUZON

The Americans Return to the Island on which the Philippine Capital Stands

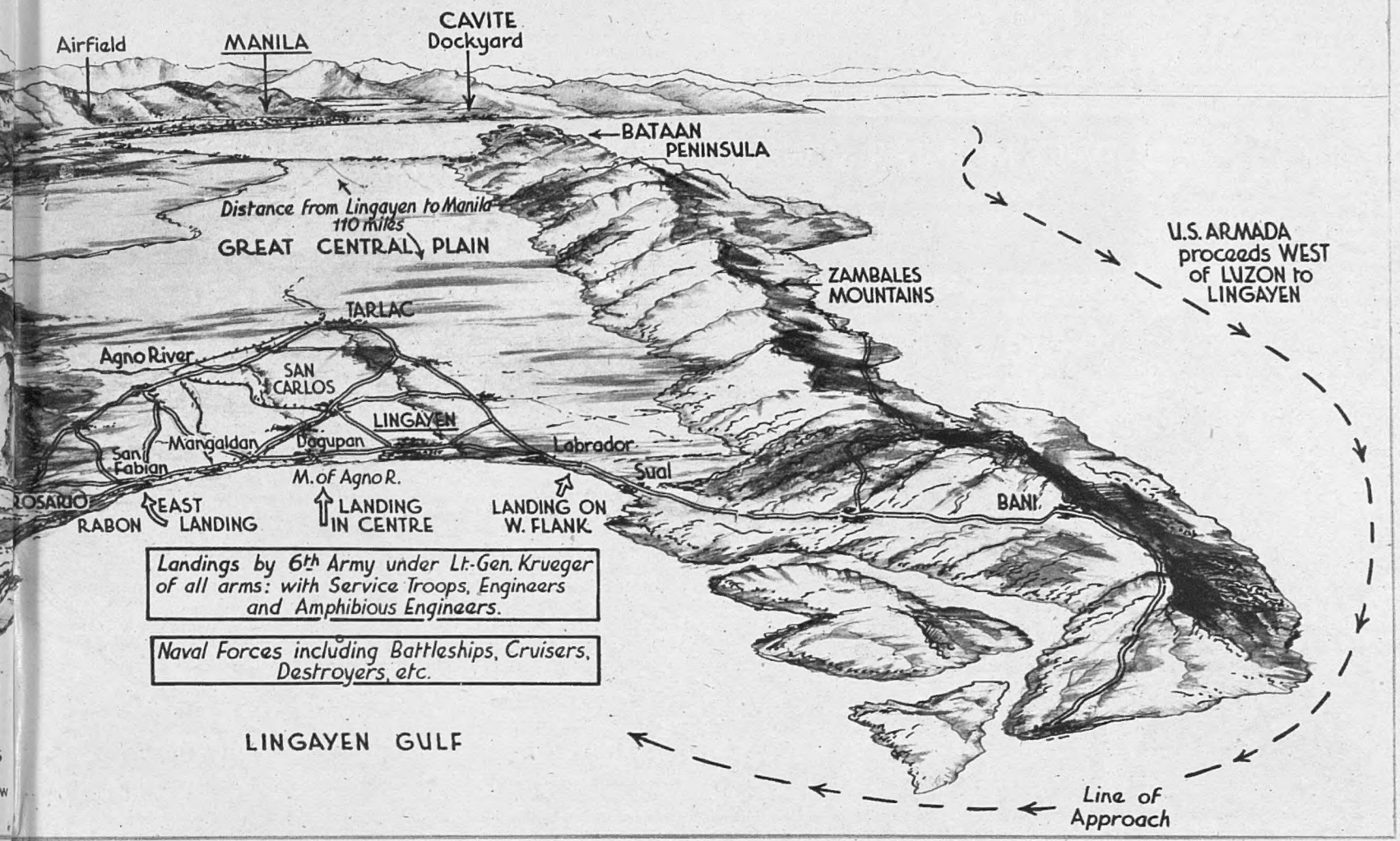
—The Establishment of Three Beachheads 110 Miles from Manila

A very big force of all arms of the U.S. Sixth Army landed on the shores of Lingayen Gulf. The distance to Manila, capital of the Philippines, is 110 miles. Several roads and a railway lead across a wide plain southwards to Manila Bay and the city and dockyard at Cavite. The view given on the right is taken from the north, with Santiago Island and the Zambales Mountains closing in the scene on the right; while, on the left, high hills and a couple of volcanic-looking peaks appear over the tropical vegetation of San Fernando Point. Landings took place to east, centre and west. There was little Japanese reaction, for the landing appears to have been unexpected at this point. The forces were landed without interruption. Japanese counter-moves took the form of reckless attacks on the assembled fleet by swimmers with small boats carrying high-explosive charges. The idea was to damage the landing craft at all costs; but little damage was accomplished. A more serious attack came from the air, a number of U.S. vessels receiving damage. Lingayen city lies a little to the right of the central position on the shore of the Gulf. Labrador and Dagupan, where landings took place, lie to the east, with San Fabian on the left flank of the invaders. There is a tangle of roads immediately inland, with the railway from San Fernando running south to Manila. The roads resolve themselves into four highways across the wide plain to the shores of Manila Bay and the city itself



HOW THE AMERICAN TROOPS WENT ASHORE FOR THE INVASION: The scene in Lingayen Gulf as landing craft set out for the beachheads under the cover of a great number of warships and some of the biggest guns in the U.S. Navy—*Drawing by Wm McDowell*

The landing on Luzon began at 9.30 in the morning on January 9: by the evening of the same day General MacArthur was able to announce that four beaches had been seized. The next day it was further stated that "deep penetrations" had been made. The invading force and their huge supplies and equipment were carried to Luzon in a convoy of 800 ships. Hundreds of warships of all sizes supported the landing craft, and the actual landings were preceded by a great naval-and-air bombardment, which started at dawn: every Japanese shore-battery which might have ranged guns on the armada was knocked out in the opening bombardment. The big vessel shown in the above picture is one of the Missouri class of 45,000 tons, armed with 16-in. guns. Note how the smoke of the guns' discharge is illuminated at the time of firing: under certain atmospheric conditions, this gives the momentary effect of a vivid orange-coloured ball and is a striking thing to witness



THE SPOT AT WHICH THE U.S. SIXTH ARMY MADE ITS LANDINGS ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON: A diagram of the Lingayen Gulf, at the north end of the island, showing where the three principal beachheads were established after the huge American armada had approached from the westward. The invading troops at once began to press inland by way of the Great Central Plain towards the Philippine capital of Manila, lying 110 miles to the south. This city was occupied by the Japs in the first days of January 1942; it is now once again within striking distance of powerful U.S. forces—*Drawing by Percy Home*

AT THE VERY HEART OF THE CONGESTED CITY OF TOKYO: A new picture of the moated palace occupied by the Emperor Hirohito, as it is seen from the air by the American bombers of the Japanese capital. The palace fills the left centre of this picture: just below it is a large railway station. The Sumida River runs across the view, past what appears to be a huge stadium. In the upper right portion can be seen a wartime "fire-break"—a vacant strip cleared through the congested areas of the city as Tokyo's hope against the conflagrations which might be caused by incendiaries dropped from the big American bombers

TWO MONTHS of WINTER DRAMA in the EAST

The Russian Advance Towards Silesia Should Have a Decisive Effect on Germany's War Potential Before the Snows Melt in the Spring

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BY mid-March, when the Polish and East German snow and ice have turned considerably to mud and slush, it should be possible to determine what are the Germans' chances of prolonging the war for the remainder of the year. The Red Army carried on through last spring's Galician mud, yet what it does on the frozen surfaces is the real measure of its superiority over the *Wehrmacht*. The Russians say they are going on this time until Berlin is reached, but so was Arnhem marked "Operation Berlin," and one prefers not to be carried away by their sleighs at this early stage.

For one thing, that harsh, intractable land, East Prussia, still frowns down on Stalin's right flank. It had been the German hope that a Carpathian bastion would do similar service in the south, did the Russians move forward in the centre. That hope is largely gone, in part through the costly Hungarian defence. But the land of Tannenberg still frowns down, and, until reduced, it must affect any Russian plans for penetrating into Germany so as to administer the final shaking.

That the Russians are still as fresh as daisies became manifest when Marshal Koniev took off where Marshal Zhukov had pulled up last April at the confluence of the Vistula and the San. It is true our allies only put into practice a trick which Foch used long ago, but it is the first time in this war that I've seen any mention of such honest-to-goodness diddling—a subject which occupied us a fortnight ago.

Prior to the present onslaught towards Silesia, the Russians, we are told, caused the Germans to displace their reserves by deceiving them with wooden tanks, dummy guns and march and counter-march of infantry. In one sector, a large number of lorries moving incessantly on a circular course sought to create the impression of intense troop movements. By night dozens of tractors, with roaring motors, sustained the illusion of abnormal activity, and by day dummy tanks were hitched to trailers to confuse enemy air reconnaissance. The effect of it all was to make the Germans seriously worried because the front looked to be so long: they were less and less sure as to where the main blows would fall. This is diddling on the high plane, but it can be of immense value if all ranks can be persuaded to combine in extra effort which may seem to them so much misplaced tomfoolery—marching up the hill and down again stuff. The first time I ever came up with the possibilities was in connection with our preparations to cross the Ancre in November 1916, and what happened is perhaps worth recounting in the light of current situations.

We were preparing beneath the very eyes of the enemy, who knew exactly where we intended shoving and was making his dispositions accordingly. Then it was that someone approached his local Napoleon of "I" branch and suggested that supposing we faked excessive activity on the Albert-Bapaume road, five miles south of the Ancre? We could at least draw some of the German attention away from the Ancre, and it wouldn't mean much to organise. "Give me," said the enthusiast, "some transport, a battery, a platoon or two of infantry and some cyclists to put up the dust, and I'll guarantee to move them all up and down the Albert-Bapaume road so that the Hun observers will think something like a division is on the move there."

For a moment Napoleon looked down with indescribable scorn, then vouchsafed: "This is a war, young man, not a blankety comic opera!"

Nearly two years later, after Foch had at last got going, this form of deceit was listed for use when desirable, and the Marshal planned to bespeak a "travelling circus" to sustain it wherever it should be needed to hoodwink the Boches.

The region between Lodz and Cracow has long been a decisive one for Russian arms, and let us hope that they now win there. True, they held Ludendorff off in the 1914 battle of Lodz, but next year Mackensen carried all before him in this area, and the Russians have never since been as close to Silesia as they are to-day. When they stopped on the Vistula many months ago, Zhukov's men had outrun their reserves and ammunition supplies. These are now mightily in position, close up. What the Russians never lost was their mobility in rudest conditions, and that may well be the decisive factor in coming weeks.

The stab at rearward communications has become a Red Army speciality, and it usually takes the form of slithering or careering round the enemy's flank with the use of special vehicles. Time and again such spoiling raids in force weakened and harassed the Germans on their long way back from the Dneiper, and they are sure to be staged again as the *Wehrmacht* is pressed back on the Oder.

A Moscow definition of mechanised spoiling forces likens them to mobile fortresses having all the means of self-defence besides great striking power. A mechanised spearhead is a deadly moving fortress able to fend for itself, while the larger battle sways. It is able, in particular, to cross rivers with a stunning celerity—and rivers there are ahead, before and after the Oder.

These mobile fortresses are also the best instruments for by-passing German strong-points, which the Russians restarted doing at once, much to the Germans' anxiety. A great weapon in the undulating, desolate Polish plain, and rendered additionally powerful by reason of the "hot" information that rolls up to each mobile headquarters from friendly civilians and partisans—soon the information may come directly to the Russians from the foreign labour-slaves in the Reich, a high proportion of whom are located in south-eastern Germany.

The Germans are sure Koniev is driving straight for the Silesian industrial area and thence to the heart of Germany—by which I presume they mean Berlin, which is only 202 miles from Breslau, though the real heart of Germany is nearer the Thuringian Forest. The Germans have every reason to make this deduction, including the historical one; for why should not Stalin be attracted by the earth of Upper Silesia, from the special standpoint of its value to battling armies, if Frederick the Great saw it that way—the first to do so?

Here lay unplumbed deposits of coal, iron and zinc of the finest quality. But the region was almost cut off from the outer world, with next to no means of transport. So Frederick built a 20-mile canal from the Oder to the centre of the industrial basin at Gleiwitz, and this waterway to this day provides the sole barge communication with outside. In the nineteenth century, Silesia was not much developed because Krupps at Essen sufficed for the heavy industry and armaments of that day. It took the undreamt-of arms hunger of 1914-18 to provoke need of Silesia, which came to be blown up as by a bellows.

The getting of hard-coal was greatly augmented; zinc and iron mines absorbed twice the number of workers; big electric power stations and nitrate plants were constructed; steel output soared; smaller factories of all sorts sprouted; and the whole area was criss-crossed with railways and tramlines.

After defeat, the Germans lost big slices of Upper Silesia to the Poles and Czechs, but they were not to be shaken off, and in the mid-'20's founded the brand-new industrial centre of Hindenburg to compensate for the loss of Beuthen and Kattowice. With moneys loaned chiefly by America, the Germans set to expanding their slice of Silesia as a war-production centre, and when the Nazis came to power the process became feverish.

Hitler had long seen how the entire basin was necessary to him, as a second string to the Ruhr, for the formidable campaigns he would have to wage in the east and west if others refused to bow peacefully to him. And so the next act was the 1939 overrunning of Poland, begun from Beuthen, and yielding these additional gains: 53 coal-mines, 12 iron-ore mines, 22 zinc foundries, 15 iron and steel foundries, 23 blast furnaces, 9 rolling-mills, and a fresh iron-ore reserve of 16,000,000 tons.

Ever since then, during five-and-a-half years, the whole basin has shown successive freak expansions under the urgencies of war on a scale beyond that bargained for. Should Upper Silesia come into Russian hands in anything like a whole state, it will be an astonishing prize, and there is the chance that friendly scores of thousands may contrive to protect a lot. Todt, Göring, Speer, Krupps, each in turn had to fall back on Upper Silesia in order to get out of bomb-range, and the result was that a vast new industrial metropolis took shape in the triangle formed by the towns of Gleiwitz, Hindenburg, Beuthen, Koenigshutte, Kattowice, Chorzow and Sosnowice.

Principal additions in latter times have been several great oil plants; factories for making Essen products, from guns to locomotives; coal output up to 100,000,000 tons a year; many new blast furnaces and chemical factories, together with a whole string of shadow factories making tools, components and spares. Work is carried on in day and night shifts of twelve hours for the foreign element, who number a large proportion of the 2,500,000 people in the basin. Germans and Germanised get higher pay and special comforts.

More and more workers have been moved to buildings of wondrous new camouflage. Very important establishments have been located in wooded and hilly country off the beaten track. Others have underground assembly shops, and it is thought that V weapons emanate from these hide-out factories. British and American bombers have been over Silesia on frequent occasions, but the original project of flying on to Russia never eventuated, and there is little doubt that Upper Silesia has been able to give more to Hitler's war effort than need have been the case.

ON THE EASTERN FRONT, the Germans camouflage their convoys: A picture taken during last summer showing how, in the absence of air cover, the Nazis were forced to protect their vehicles and soldiers when moving up to the battle areas

THE GERMAN VERSION OF THE W.A.A.F.: Women being trained with the "Luftwaffe" in order to replace men. The long series of defeats suffered by the German Air Force at the hands of the Allies has made it imperative that every available man be trained for flying duties

SOVIET CITIZENS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES: Inhabitants returning to their liberated village on the Eastern Front, bringing with them belongings they had managed to conceal from the Germans. Since the start of the new Russian offensive, many hundreds of towns and villages have already been freed

THE STRUGGLE FOR BUDAPEST: THE AREA AROUND THE DANUBE, where the Russian and German commanders have been engaged in a series of offensive and counter-offensive movements—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

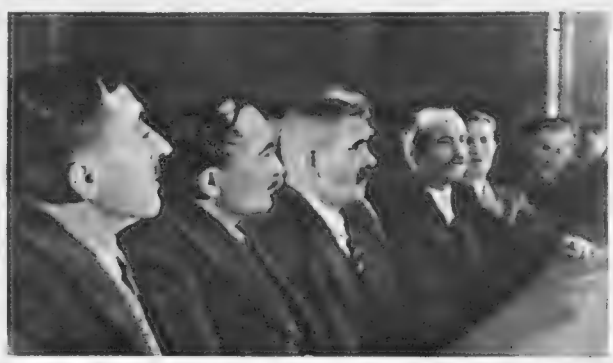
THE FIGHT for the HUNGARIAN CAPITAL

And the Struggle in the Hills across the River Danube

The fiercely-contested battle for Budapest, capital city of the Hungarians, resolved itself in its later stages into a struggle in which each opponent endeavoured to checkmate the other. Intense fighting went on inside the city, until the Red Army reached the very core of the enemy positions. The Germans countered by forcing back the Russians from Esztergom, on the Danube to the north of the city, and also pressed in from the west by way of Bicske, 25 miles across the river. The Red Army then made a thrust westwards into territory to the north of the Danube, which makes a right-angle bend to the west above Budapest. There they made a successful advance towards Komarno, the northern town which faces Komaram, the southern town. The Germans were massed here in force, so that it looked as if the flanks of the two armies would engage each other. Komarno and Komaram lie 45 miles west of Budapest and 50 miles from the Austrian border. At the same time, Red Army forces were also reported to be operating in the outskirts of Lucenec, the Czech road and rail junction to the north-east of the Hungarian capital. The whole situation at this stage of the critical battle was an intensely interesting one

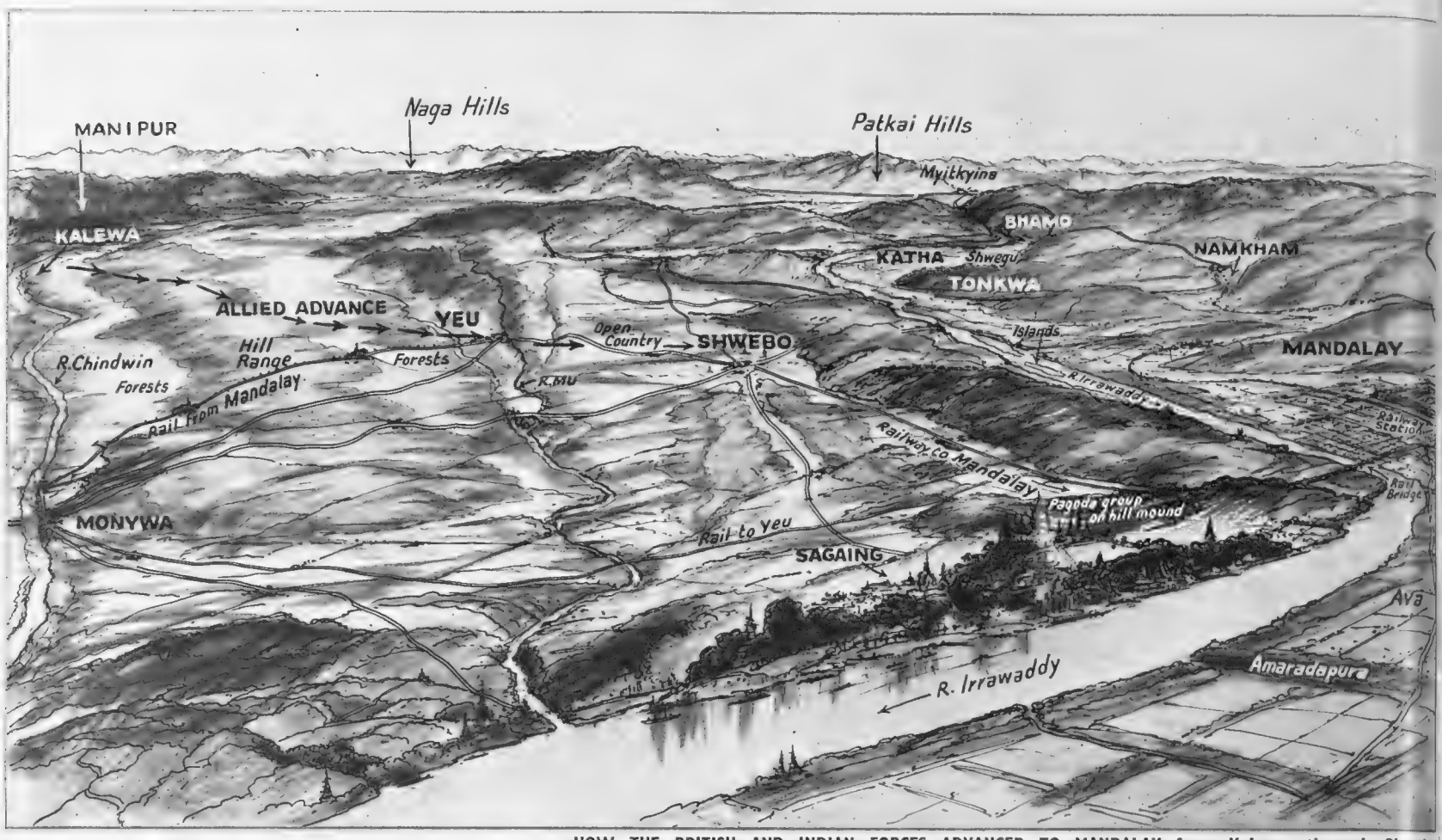
SOVIET MARINES TAKE PART AT BUDAPEST: Men engaged in an outflanking landing operation against the German defenders board a camouflaged speedboat on the Danube between Pest and Buda. The manœuvre resulted in the capture of the south-eastern suburb of Kispest. The great battle for Budapest has shown the world how desperately the Germans are fighting to prevent the tide of war rolling over their own territory. The savagery of the battle rivals that of the fighting inside Stalingrad, but latest indications are that the Red Army and Air Force are wearing down the enemy's will to resist. Both sides are throwing in vast quantities of war material and employing masses of man-power in the struggle, which is virtually a battle for Vienna, now only a few miles away

HOW THE RED ARMY CROSSED THE CARPATHIANS: Soviet gunners ford one of the mountain streams which do not freeze over in the winter



TWO RADIO PICTURES JUST RECEIVED IN LONDON showing the meeting of the new Hungarian Provisional National Assembly in the Reformist College at Debreczen. It was in this historic building that Kossuth, Leader of the National Liberation Movement, proclaimed the independence of Hungary in 1849. A group of the Deputies taking part in the proceedings are seen in the picture on the right

DOCTOR BELA JEDENI, President of the Provisional National Assembly of Hungary



HOW THE BRITISH AND INDIAN FORCES ADVANCED TO MANDALAY from Kalewa, through Shwebo towards Sagaing, where the Irrawaddy River will probably be crossed—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The ROAD to MANDALAY

The Great Allied Drive Through Burma

—And the Occupation of the Port and Town of Akyab

In a previous issue of THE SPHERE, the advance of the 5th Indian Division and the 11th East African Division upon Kalenyo was described. These troops pressed on to Kalewa, meeting stiff opposition from the enemy in the narrow gorge of the Myittha River, which runs into the Chindwin at Kalewa. A bridge-head was made to the eastern side of the Chindwins.

Meanwhile, the British 36th Division, under General Festing, was fighting its way to Mandalay down the Irrawaddy Valley. Pinwe, a railway and road junction, was captured on December 1, after very fierce fighting, when a greater artillery barrage was used than ever before in Burma. Ten days later, Indaw and Katha were occupied without opposition, and a direct advance begun upon Mandalay along river and road.

After a Bailey bridge, 1,000-ft. long, had been constructed across the Chindwin, supplies and troops got across easily, greatly assisting the advance.

Shwegyin was entered on December 13 and Yen taken on January 3. This place was of considerable importance, being the terminus of the railway from Mandalay, via Monywa, and also because the central plain was at last reached, the jungles and mountains being left behind. The next objective was Shwebo, only 50 miles from Mandalay, a town, before the war, of 12,000 inhabitants and the centre of the irrigation canal system. On January 9, Shwebo was entered after considerable fighting—airfield and railway station occupied.

A FRONT-LINE SURVEY IN BURMA: Among the important jobs little heard of outside R.A.F. forward areas is that of Airfield Inspection Officer. On the Burma front, his job is to locate sites for new airstrips, and to see that existing strips are maintained in good condition. Here two Inspection Officers (on left) are conferring with an Army engineer

MAJOR-GENERAL F. W. FESTING, D.S.O., who commands the British 36th Division, in his headquarters at Mawlu, on the corridor to Mandalay. Note the tidiness of his desk, where pipes, revolvers, books, and other objects are arrayed in order

THE EVACUATION OF THE BURMA WOUNDED BY GLIDER AND DAKOTA AIRCRAFT: The scene on a Burmese airfield as the big transports leave for India—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* The length of the communications behind the forces operating around Shwebo in the general attack on Mandalay has been such that the problem of supply would not have been capable of an efficient solution without the aid of a large force of aircraft. These big, unarmed carrier-planes have been doing excellent work. As soon as their supplies are landed, the Dakotas prepare to return; but they do not go back empty. Each tows back a glider loaded with wounded soldiers. The saving of time is very great, and the inevitable jolting on the hill tracks up to the Manipur and Assam stations is avoided. The men are later landed at convenient airfields and swiftly conveyed by road and rail to Indian hospitals

THE CAPTURE OF AKYAB, PORT AND TOWN ON THE WEST COAST OF BURMA WHICH WAS OCCUPIED ON JANUARY 3, after having been in Jap hands for two years : A photograph taken from an R.A.F. aircraft of Eastern Air Command during the invasion and capture

THE ACTUAL LANDING AT AKYAB : Invasion barges, with troops wading ashore to capture the port and town on January 3

THE INVASION IN PROGRESS : Landing craft were driven right up on to the shore, and our troops waded on to a beach near the fort

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR A. F. P. CHRISTISON, COMMANDER OF THE 15TH INDIAN CORPS, who was in charge of the Army Operations ; Group Captain W. D. David, Air Liaison Officer to the Corps Commander ; and Air Commodore the Earl of Bandon, Commanding an R.A.F. Group in the Arakan; landed on a village green which the local people had prepared for them. The white flag on the right of the Earl of Bandon was used by the natives to guide the aircraft down

WING COMMANDER J. B. G. BRADLEY (who comes from New Zealand) was Administrator of the town of Akyab before the war. He was one of the first to re-enter after its capture, and is here seen, seated and garlanded, surrounded by hundreds of natives, who gave him a rousing welcome back

The most-bombed target in Burma, the port and town of Akyab, on the west coast, was captured by the Allies on January 3. Supporting the land and seaborne invasion, R.A.F., U.S.A.A.F., Indian, Canadian, New Zealand and Australian aircrews of Eastern Air Command all played their part. The first British bombs fell on the island in July 1942, two months after the Japanese occupation. Since then systematic bombing has destroyed 80 per cent. of the administrative and industrial properties of the town. Akyab was one of the main forward air bases used by the Japanese until Allied air power made this impossible. After our reoccupation, the full extent of the devastation caused by Allied bombing raids over a period of many months was discovered

THE LAST BIG TRAFFIC CENTRE IN THE GERMAN "BULGE": MARAUDER MEDIUM BOMBERS CONCENTRATE ON HOUFFALIZE, around which the roads wind through gorges in the heart of the mountainous section of the Ardennes. The town itself lies hidden away in the River Ourthe country: on it, the Allied Air Forces concentrated heavily, as it was by way of this town that many of the German units had passed on their retreat to the eastward—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes below at left)

HAMMERING at the GERMANS in the SALIENT

Flying Operations in Belgium; and Bombing Expeditions to Bavaria and Norway

Houffalize, the little town with the odd name in the high Ardennes, became an important spot as the Germans were forced steadily eastwards towards their Rhineland bases. First it was bombed by the Allies whenever the weather permitted; and then it gradually came within artillery range, and shells began to fall in the deep wooded gully in which Houffalize lies. The town occupies one of the most spectacular positions in this part of the Ardennes. The River Ourthe passes in and out of three narrow wooded gorges. The town lies on the eastern side of the central hairpin gully. Roads stretch away to the railway junction of Gouvy to the westward. Beyond lies St. Vith. Other roads connect with Bastogne and Bouray. It was formerly a very much frequented spot—thousands of tourists annually making it a centre for excursions in this region bordering northern Luxembourg. It had its château-crowned hill, and in the church was a remarkable lectern by Jehan Jose's de Dinant (A.D. 1372)

SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY IN THE PINE FORESTS OF BELGIUM: How the air spotters assist in the work of the artillery on the ground. An Auster I—Army Co-operation plane—directing the fire on to a German "fortress"—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The fort seen in the left foreground of this drawing was under constant attack for five days by Allied land forces: it had been camouflaged and its location in the midst of a pine forest made it a difficult target. It was, however, bombed from the air; and the artillery were aided in their bombardment from the ground by Auster spotting aircraft. Under the joint aerial and artillery assault its capitulation was finally brought about. The photograph on the left was taken just as a German vehicle on the road running in front of the fort was hit by a bomb and set on fire

BAVARIA'S CAPITAL CITY, AND THE HOME OF THE NAZI PARTY, IS BOMBED BY THE R.A.F. ON TWO SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS: The scene across the Isar River as the great bombers went in to the attack on the second night—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Large forces of R.A.F. bombers went out on two successive nights to bomb targets in Munich, the famous capital city of Bavaria, the southern section of the German Empire and a notable duchy for many centuries under the Regency house of Wittelsbach. Now, of course, it is an integral part of the German Empire and for long has been noted for a large number of manufactures: its industrial side was almost as active as its efforts in the direction of education, art and music. The machinery, optical and mathematical instrument factories naturally provide targets for Bomber Command. Rubber goods, paper and glassware have also been produced in Munich in large quantities. Recently, targets were bombed by some 800 R.A.F. bombers on two successive nights, the second attack profiting by the fires lit by the first. In the view given above, the city, with its numerous towers, is seen over the Isar, the 175-mile river which, rising in Tyrol, flows past Munich to the Danube. Munich's geographical position is so far to the south that it lies only 25 miles from the great Alpine chain, the proximity of which makes the climate of these parts liable to sudden changes. To the west the main line runs to Augsburg, and to the east Salzburg

THE R.A.F. MAINTAIN THEIR ATTACKS AGAINST NAZI SHIPPING IN THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS: The British aircraft swoop over the ice-covered mountains to fire their destructive rockets at a concentration in the famous Sogne Fiord—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Three strike forces of R.A.F. Coastal Command Mosquitoes and Beaufighters, crossing fiords in snow and ice a few days ago, delivered one of the most damaging attacks by the Command on enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast in recent months. None of our aircraft was lost When the flame and smoke of rockets and cannon-shells from the aircraft had cleared, the last crew to leave the target saw a modern cargo-liner lying on its side burning. A small modern oil-burning merchantman was sinking with only its bow above the surface. A large ship was ablaze. Two smaller merchant ships were also hit. The cargo-liner was in Sogne Fiord and the oil-burning vessel was attacked off Hisey Island

FIGHTING IN SNOWSTORMS ON THE BELGIAN FRONT

The Difficulties of Tank Operations in the Recent Heavy Snows

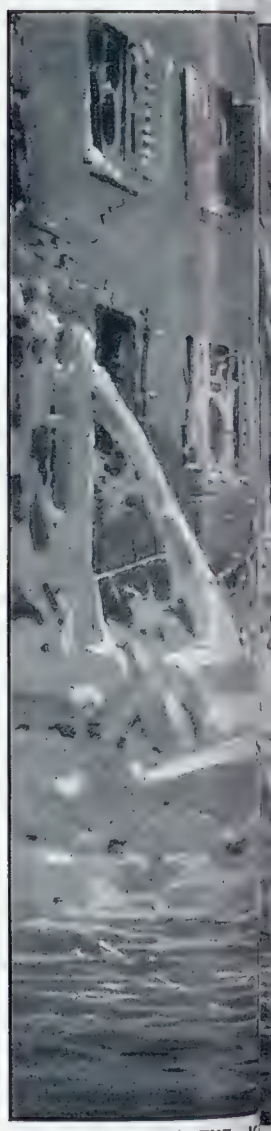
—Special Sphere Pictures

A NIGHTMARE FOR THE TANK COMMANDERS : Slithering over the icy roads, and shaking the snow down from the trees as they fire—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

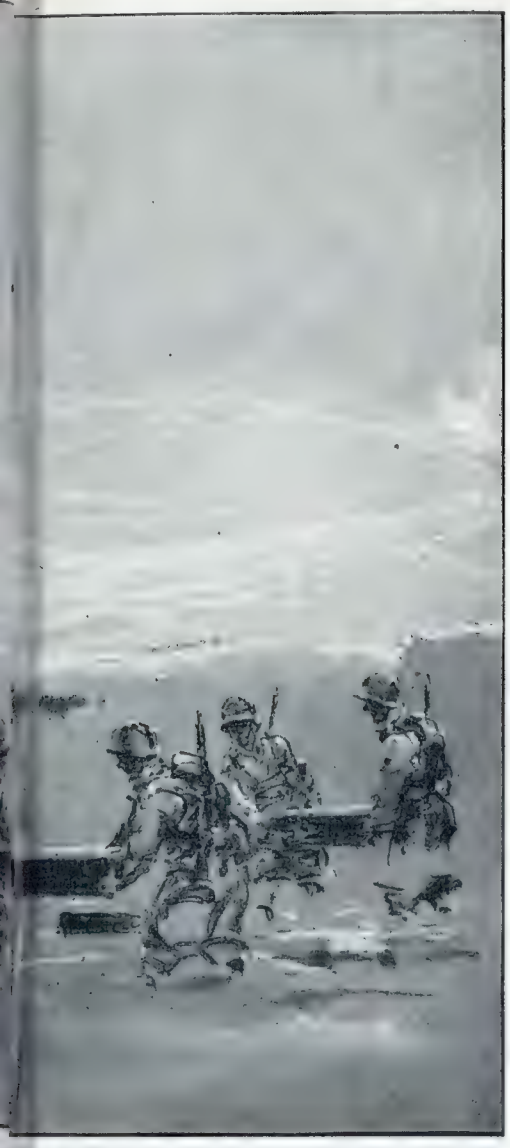
Heavy falls of snow, icy winds and slippery roads have all contributed to make the Tank Commander's job a nightmare. Not only have the big vehicles been coated with sheets of ice and frozen snow, but they have often been all but unmanageable in manœuvre. Along the ice-covered roads they have skidded and slithered into action, the flames from their guns showing up vividly against the background of snow, often 2 ft. deep, and the blast shaking the snow off the bleak trees above the heads of the supporting infantry

MODERN ARMS AGAINST A FORTRESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES : A Dutch fortified château, used as a defensive point at the northern end of the Western Front near the River Maas, is carried by assault—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Fortified châteaux of various types are to be found in many parts of Holland. Some of them have been occupied by the enemy as local headquarters or as defended observation-points : they are very solidly built, and even those of a purely domestic character are capable of being defended by a resolute body of men. Some are like small fortresses, with circular bastions and curtain walls lapped by a moat fed from a neighbouring stream. In such a low-lying region as that around the Maas River, they have appealed to the Germans as useful look-out positions, from which any movements across the wide stretches of polder could be easily detected. It has been found necessary to reduce several of them : Gristeren Castle, on the Maas, for example, was held for five days by forty Germans. It had to be severely battered by gunfire before the place could be rushed. Another fortress château in the neighbourhood of Geertrudenberg had also to be cleared. These operations were not simple matters, but rocket-firing Typhoons proved a useful aid to the soldiers on the ground



DIFFICULTIES ON THE IC



A CLOSE-UP OF A TANK-DESTROYER READY FOR ACTION ON THE WESTERN FRONT: This powerful vehicle is armed with a 105-mm. howitzer; the Commander sits in a turret on the left and directs the work of the crew, which consists of the four men seen on the right. These tank-destroyers have played a very considerable part in the recent battles in and around the German bulge into Belgium. This picture, for instance, was taken whilst the gun and its crew were waiting to meet a Nazi attack against Bastogne, where the American gunners helped to support the 101st Airborne Division in their epic stand of eight days

ROADS AS THE U.S. TANKS RUSHED UP TO NEW POSITIONS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GERMAN BULGE: The scene as two of the big vehicles collided as they slithered on the ice leading down to a village ford—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In the Ardennes sector recently, every vagary of winter weather was encountered. Air support was non-existent, partly to enhance the element of surprise and partly because even the tiny spotting-planes iced-up at 200 ft. and were forced to retire. Tanks skidded round bends and crashed into other tanks, trees, lamp-posts and even houses. Conditions were so bad that two men were able to move a tank which had side-slipped to the side of the road. They pushed, and the tank glided on the sheet-ice as if it were a toy. The men welcomed the exercise to try to put some warmth in the limbs almost paralysed by cold; yet in these conditions the Germans were hit hard and with complete surprise on a battlefield more suited to sleighing than tank warfare

THE ICY SCENE IN LAROCHE AFTER BRITISH TROOPS HAD ENTERED THE KEY TOWN : Highland infantry crossing an improvised bridge. Their advance had to be made with great caution owing to the number of mines left behind by the Germans. These had been covered by the heavy snows, and were thus the more dangerous. The steep hill rising in the background shows the kind of terrain in which the Ardennes battle was fought. It was here that British and Americans fought side by side for the elimination of the big German "bulge"

The WORST WEATHER of the WAR

The Snow and Ice on the Battlefields of Belgium
—*A Special Sphere Drawing*

MEDIUM TANKS IN THE SNOW ON A ROAD THROUGH AN ARDENNES FOREST : They belong to the 3rd U.S. Armoured Division ; their 75-mm. guns are on the alert for a flank attack whilst the road ahead is being cleared of a knocked-out tank, which fell a victim to a German mine. The tanks were advancing on the northern side of the German salient over icy roads, which made the going very precarious, and lined with trees weighted down with snow

AT DAWN AMIDST THE SNOWS AT THE TIP OF THE SALIENT INTO BELGIUM. Men of the British Airborne Division, who fought in the Rochefort-Bure area, endure the rigours of the war's worst winter in their small fox-holes and slit trenches—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Whilst the great battle against the Germans was in progress on the Western Front, the weather deteriorated to such an extent that competent observers declared that the rigours were almost comparable to Finland and Russia. How our men could live and fight under such conditions it was hard to understand. They dug holes in the frozen ground where they could, and slept in the icy-cold fox-holes and slit trenches with only blankets for protection. Often they were too cold to sleep soundly, but dozed now and again from utter exhaustion: in the morning they would be stiff-limbed and red-eyed, to shake off the snow for another day's bitter struggle. Alternately soaked and frozen under the cheerless winter skies, and surrounded by the heavy snows, British and American soldiers fought on doggedly. Among the British troops were men of the 6th Airborne Division

A PATROL OF AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS ADVANCING CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE SNOW to wipe out German snipers during an action near Beffe

The patrol, which was not organised, grew in size as Lieut. Thomas, of a Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, started across the snow armed with rifle grenades in an attempt to wipe out snipers. He was joined by volunteers consisting of other members of the Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron, men from an Infantry Headquarters Company and an Infantry Company. The attack was launched with rifle fire, fragmentation rifle grenades, Browning automatic rifles and a bazooka. The Allied patrol was surprised to discover a whole German company armed with machine-guns and light mortars acting as snipers, but succeeded in killing twelve Nazis in the engagement

HOW ROAD-BLOCKS TO CHECK AN ENEMY ADVANCE ARE PREPARED: Scottish engineers place T.N.T. charges at the base of a tree which they propose to fell across the road. A series of such obstacles can materially slow down tanks and vehicles, which frequently cannot take alternative routes

ROAD-MAKING IN THE SNOW: Engineers of the First U.S. Army are here laying wire netting for a temporary road and bridge across a stream in Belgium. Such emergency measures result in a firm surface which can bear a surprising amount of heavy traffic and thus speed up our vital supplies

The GERMAN PUSH in the ARDENNES ANALYSED

—A Note by a Sphere Military Correspondent

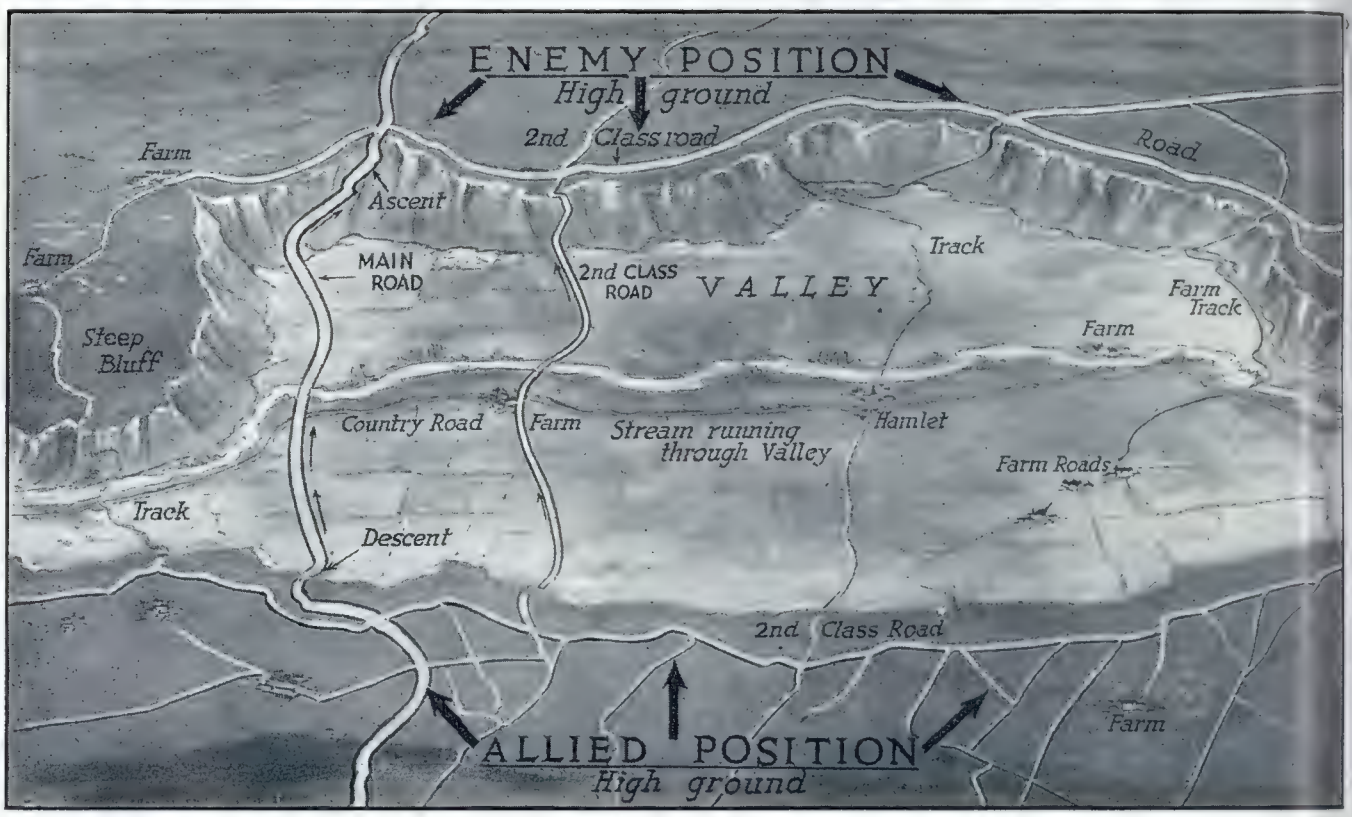
Correspondents on the Western Front have repeatedly described attacks and counter-attacks "in the strength of at least a platoon," or "with ten tanks and a hundred men." This has applied to the big pushes such as von Rundstedt's, as well as to smaller actions. Does this mean that all fighting nowadays is done in small pockets, and that there is no scope under modern conditions for massive assaults such as the past has known?

The answer is that war's methods vary with terrain and with the balance between offensive and defensive weapons. Thus the recent fighting on the Western Front has been in country where large-scale tank actions were impracticable. In open desert country, divisions can sweep forward *en masse;* they cannot do it in country like Holland or Belgium, where water intervenes at every half-mile, or in the Eifel and Alsace, where woods and hills and a chequer-board of fortified villages and permanent defence lines restrict mobility.

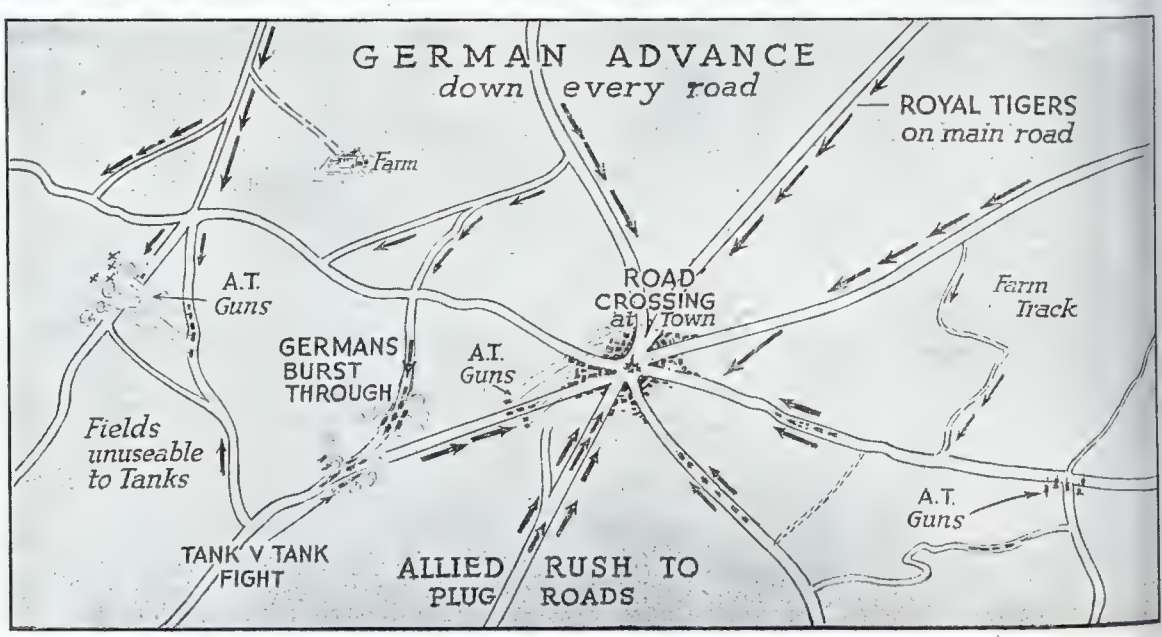
Although a concerted attack needs a large number of fighting men and associated troops, these forces are, however, spread over a very wide and very deep front; a big push is *a multiple of a great many minor engagements*, preceded by a massive wall of artillery-fire and bombing, and fused together into a whole by skilled staff work.

The size of each separate attack is determined by conditions in the immediate locality. If our troops were preparing to take a small, fortified village down a narrow lane enclosed by woodland, they might not deploy more than a single battalion of less than 1,000 men. Possibly two-dozen armoured cars or Bren carriers might convey reconnaissance cavalry first, after which engineers would go forward, and the infantry supported by perhaps a dozen tanks. Although not on the large scale, a concerted series of efforts on these lines would, in the aggregate, amount to quite a big "offensive."

It is quite impossible to give in text-book form an exact formula for attacks on the Western Front at present. Conditions change round every corner. Generally speaking, the character of the present country and fighting precludes large-scale actions of men and vehicles on solid fronts.



A BIG PUSH MAY BE THE "MULTIPLE OF A GREAT MANY MINOR ENGAGEMENTS"—such as the one outlined in diagrammatic form here: This view of a valley and its enclosing hills outlines the problem which has confronted local commanders time and again in the Ardennes. The entry towards the enemy's line is on the other side of the valley: to reach there, the Allied commander has one main road, one fairly good secondary road and a few farm-tracks. Owing to the prevailing weather, the commander knows that only the main road will stand up to armoured traffic: the tanks would become bogged on the farm-roads and tracks as the valley is very moist. All this means that the attack cannot become part of a huge forward sweep, unless the artillery barrage from our side is strong enough to daze the enemy infantry and armour into quiescence at the critical moment. At the same time, along a given front, this situation may be duplicated many times over



STOPPING THE ENEMY'S RUSH INTO THE ARDENNES by plugging the roads he must traverse: If a commander determines to expend a large number of infantry in the attempt to create a break-through, he must push his men forward by every road and lane. The attempt may be very costly, as the bodies of advancing men will come under devastating fire from his opponent as was the case in the Ardennes. The immediate task of the defending forces is to "plug" every roadway—especially converging points, where more than one avenue of approach can be met by anti-tank and anti-personnel fire

SCENES NEAR the LINE on the WEST FRONT

A POIGNANT PICTURE TAKEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE: "Holy Night, Silent Night" being sung by men of the 101st Airborne Division in Bastogne whilst besieged by the Germans. Shortly after this picture was taken enemy bombers broke up the midnight service

BRITISH TROOPS IN HOLLAND SKATING ON THE FROZEN CANALS AND DYKES with young Dutch boys and girls as teachers. Among the soldiers are Canadian Air Force personnel and men resting after a spell in the front line. The Dutch youths are expert in the art, as they can practise on good ice all the year round

THE FIRST BRITISH MIXED BATTERY IN BELGIUM: Girls of the A.T.S. are serving with a Regiment of heavy anti-aircraft guns, and have already seen plenty of action. The site where these two pictures were taken has brought down a number of flying bombs and one German aircraft. The girls are all volunteers, and are living under battle conditions. *On right*—Men and girls are taking part in a snow-fight. *On left*—Miss Sheila Hooper (of Luton) is preparing to make her toilette with hot water from the cookhouse

IN STRASBOURG TO-DAY: Although many of the citizens left their homes when the Germans made their recent thrust into Alsace, a good proportion of the population remained, and life in the Rhine city (which is only about a mile from Germany) goes on as usual. *On left*—Men and women eager for the latest war news have gathered round a bookstall in the Place Kleber as the afternoon editions of the newspapers arrive. *On right*—A typical group of Alsatian citizens are seen: long trousers tucked in at the ankles are popular with the Strasbourg women during the cold weather

FROM MANY PARTS of the WORLD

Pictures Connected with the War Effort In Many Far-off Countries

THE NEW RESIDENT MINISTER ARRIVES IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA : Captain Balfour, M.P., chatting with the G.O.C.-in-C., Lieut.-General Sir Francis Nosworthy, D.S.O., at the Accra Airport on arrival from the United Kingdom

COVERED BY A CHIEF'S UMBRELLA, Captain Balfour is met on arrival at Accra by Sir Alan Burns, Governor of the Gold Coast : Captain the Right Honourable Harold H. Balfour, M.C., M.P., the new Resident Minister in British West Africa, arrived by air from the United Kingdom to take up his duties at his Gold Coast Headquarters. At the airport, he was received by the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Alan Burns, K.C.M.G. ; the G.O.C.-in-C., West Africa ; the Officer Commanding Central Africa Wing, U.S. Army ; the head of the French Liaison to the Resident Minister ; the United States Consul ; and others. Nana Tsibu Darku IX, K.M.A.C., M.B.E., Omanhene of Asin Atandansu, was at the airport to welcome the new Minister. As the Minister's plane arrived Tsibu Darku's umbrella-bearer rushed forward to shade His Excellency the Governor from the sun

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WHEAT IN ITALY : To areas along the coast, such as the Bari region, wheat from the north of Italy is transported by sea. Here a 70-ton schooner is being loaded in Ancona Harbour

SACKS OF WHEAT, EACH WEIGHING 250 LB., go into the hold of a ship bound for Barletta. Major Eardley (on left), of A.M.G., is in charge of the collection of surplus wheat in the north of Italy. Through the co-ordinated transport efforts of Allied Military Government officers, a store of wheat amounting to 70,000 tons has been gathered in warehouses in central and east-central Italy. It is being transported into Rome by railroad at the rate of 300 to 350 tons per day from the Chiaravalla railhead alone. Rome requires 1,100 tons of wheat per day, and the additional supply is shipped from other points. Additional stores of wheat are also being sent to other Italian areas where supplies are short. Any shortages that may occur will be made up by imports from America and Australia

LIFE BEGINS AGAIN IN ATHENS : In a country short of food, various kinds of tinned goods find their way to the market. While fighting was still going on in the suburbs of Athens, the centre of the city was slowly finding its feet. One by one the shops are opening, waiters and domestics are returning to work and newspapers are being published. Bootblacks and photographers can again be seen on the streets. Luxury goods, such as cigarette-lighters, mouth-organs, etc., are being brought from their hiding-places and placed on display in shops. Meat, fruit, potatoes, cabbages are on sale, but at prices beyond the pocket of the ordinary people, who have to rely on soup kitchens run by Military Liaison

A DISPLAY IN ONE OF THE MARKET-PLACES IN ATHENS : Braces, ribbons and suspenders are among the miscellaneous items of small clothing on sale at this stall. It is only during the past few weeks that street trading has been resumed in the Greek capital

THE NEW RESIDENT MINISTER IN THE MIDDLE EAST arrives in Cairo. Sir Edward Grigg, who succeeds Lord Moyne, arrived in Cairo by air on January 18. He was formerly Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War (1940-42), and has had a distinguished Parliamentary and journalistic career. He was met at the airport by the C.-in-C., Middle East, Sir Bernard Paget (on left), and Air Vice-Marshal Toomer (on right)

AT THE TRIAL OF THE TWO ASSASSINS OF LORD MOYNE IN CAIRO: The prisoners, behind the steel bars on the right, look out on the crowded court. The British Resident Minister was assassinated in November by Eliahu Ben Souri, twenty-three years old, and Eliahu Hakim—two Palestinians who have both confessed to the murder. Their trial took place before the Supreme Military Court in Cairo, where this picture (sent by radio) was taken. The verdict of the court was delivered on Thursday, January 18

THE U.S. ARMY COURT-MARTIALS 184 OFFICERS AND MEN for looting supply trains in France: The scene at one of the courts martial in Paris for 182 enlisted men and two U.S. Army officers charged with looting military supply trains and diverting cigarettes and other Army supplies into the French Black Market channels. Several sentences already have been made for as much as fifty years' imprisonment. In Parisian Black Market circles, cigarettes have sold for very high figures, and many other military supplies have been filched for illegal purposes

GERMAN OFFICERS, ACCOMPANIED BY AMERICAN OFFICERS, inspect German soldiers near Etel, in France, after an agreement had been reached between the rival commanders for the exchange of captured personnel of both American and German armies. The two officers on the left are seen checking the names of the prisoners to be exchanged

THE SWISS MARK THEIR BORDER-LINE: The roof of the Schaffhausen railway station is marked with huge red-and-white crosses so that there can be no mistake about the identification of Swiss territory. Schaffhausen has already suffered from bomb damage during the present war and is now trying to prevent a recurrence of this

SABOTAGE BY THE NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT: Early in August, saboteurs under the direction of the Underground wrecked the car-barns of the Oslo street railways. The Nazis had been using the barns as repair shops for planes and plane parts. In this picture, smuggled out of Norway, can be seen the smouldering wreckage of the building after the Patriots had finished with it. It is still one more instance of the constant revolt amongst the still-enslaved peoples of Europe against their German taskmasters

THE NEW AMPHIBIOUS CARGO-CARRIERS WHICH ARE NOW BEING USED IN THE FLOODED AREAS OF HOLLAND : They are American-built, have tracks in place of wheels, and have been given the name of Weasels

THE COMING OF THE "WEASEL"

And Two Other Items of Engineering News

The Weasel is the latest American-built craft to make its appearance behind the battlefront in Holland and Belgium. It was specially designed to carry supplies or troops over swampy land, ponds or streams or floods which might prevent the passage of ordinary cargo vehicles. Measuring 14½ ft. long and 4 ft. 3 in. high, it will travel through mud, water and on dry land, and it will climb a slope of 45 degrees. The vessel carries a load of four men and nearly half a ton of supplies. It resembles a gravy-boat to which tank tracks have been attached!

The Weasel is a fully-tracked vehicle without a complicated change-over when it is desired to pass from one element to another. The tracks are semi-flexible, so as to distribute the weight over a broad area. The vehicle can be turned in a 12-ft. radius. Two levers, each linked to the brake on the steering differential in the driver's compartment, control the steering. For water travel, the direction is controlled by a cable running to two rudders : these are hinged, and they can be swung upwards out of position for land travel.

THE FRONT VIEW OF A WEASEL as it clambers up on to dry land : note the protective hood for cargo and crew

"STOP-GO" AT AN R.A.F. STATION IN BELGIUM : The ingenious adaptation of hand-signal lamps has provided a first-rate automatic traffic-light system at this Belgian airfield. Red and green signals for motor traffic crossing the runway can be remotely controlled from the Flying Controller's cabin more than 100 yards away. Checking the home-made signal system in this picture is Sergeant Henry Hadland, who comes from Manitoba, and who is now serving as one of the airfield controllers

BRITAIN'S OIL PIPE-LINE, which runs through the English countryside to supply the principal centres of consumption—principally airfields : To meet the needs of the Allied Forces since the outbreak of war, Great Britain has had to be made into a great military oil dump. Oil imported in vast quantities must be rapidly discharged, distributed and stored. Therefore, since 1941 there has been constructed an elaborate interconnecting pipe-line system 1,000 miles long and studded with scores of secret underground storage-tanks capable of holding large reserve stocks. It is a wholly British achievement, employing British-made material and British labour throughout. Already no fewer than 2,400,000,000 gallons of oil, including hundreds of millions of gallons of aviation spirit, have been carried to the principal centres of consumption, especially airfields. Without the pipe-lines, the build-up of the Allied air offensive to anything like the desired scales would have been impracticable, and the problem of providing the huge petrol needs of the Invasion armies would have been greatly complicated. In spite of many difficulties, work on every branch of the line has been completed on time, and in many instances before schedule

ERECTED AS A DEFENCE AGAINST GERMAN SEA AND AIR ATTACKS ON THE THAMES ESTUARY AFTER DUNKIRK: The fort (which is about the size of the Arc de Triomphe!) takes its dive on to a selected spot on the sea-bed. The dive took fifteen seconds. Scientifically-arranged sea-cocks were opened in the concrete pontoon, and the dive went according to the plans of the courageous engineers who designed the forts

The BIRTH of a SEA-FORT

Put Up in the Thames Estuary After Dunkirk

In the dark days after Dunkirk and the occupation of the Channel ports by the Germans, the Thames Estuary was vulnerable to enemy attack by sea and by air. As one of the counter-measures against this new menace, and to keep the Port of London open to shipping, great sea-fortresses were built at Gravesend, towed out by tugs to selected spots and sunk to the river-bed. Upon the towers large steel platforms were built: on these, heavy and light anti-aircraft guns and other armament were mounted. The forts were manned by seventy Royal Marines and commanded by R.N.V.R. lieutenants. Six weeks on duty, followed by a fortnight ashore, was the normal routine. The forts were built in secret, and were "scuttled" into position on shoals in the Estuary, from which each fort took its name. The pictures reproduced here—only recently released for publication—are the first to show how the forts were sunk into their present positions

IN THE CONSTRUCTION BASIN: On the floating pontoon the twin towers of the fort are rapidly rising. A pre-assembled, spot-welded cage is hoisted into position and the concrete is poured between a permanent wooden inner wall and an outer steel shell. Then the latter is moved up and the next cast is made

PUTTING IN THE FLOORS OF EACH SECTION OF THE TOWERS: A pre-cast, reinforced concrete "biscuit" (they were actually turned out like biscuits—one on top of each other, with brown paper separating each) is attached to a steel spider and lifted into position. Then the spider is unscrewed and attached to the next floor

WHEN THE GENERAL ELECTION COMES (3)

The Aims of the Labour Party, and the Policies which They will Present to the Nation (*Concluding Article*)

By CHARLES GRAVES

THERE was so much excitement at the Labour Party Conference last month over the question of Greece when Mr. Bevin supported the Cabinet, that most of the resolutions passed unnoticed in the general clamour. By and large, however, it seems that the Labour Party wants to nationalise almost everything worth having. This includes banking, land, coal-mines, the railways and all other kinds of transport, not to mention large-scale building and the heavy industries. It points to the Post Office and the London Passenger Transport Board as being two good examples of nationalisation, and denies heatedly that the bureaucracy necessary to handle all these aspects of the country's life would be as strangling as the Conservatives feel must be the case. Here are some of the resolutions passed last month: The immediate formulation by the United Nations of an educational programme to be carried out after the cessation of hostilities in Germany and her allied countries of this war, in order to counteract the poisonous propaganda and training which have instilled in their youth the glorification of war and racial hatred.

The creation of a new multi-lateral unit of value related to goods and service, and not tied to any national currency or to gold, so as to facilitate International Monetary Settlements.

A demand for a statement as to the aims for which the war against Japan is to be pursued and Japanese-occupied territories liberated; and a clarification of the Party's position, "as it is strenuously opposed to the continuation of the old political regime in these territories or to the restoration of the old financial and economic interests which are already making demands to the Government to be so restored."

Regret at the continued friction between the *émigré* Polish Government in London and the Lublin Polish Government, the Party being of the opinion that no solution is practicable or advisable while the essentially authoritarian and anti-democratic 1935 Constitution is maintained.

A welcome for the White Paper on the National Health Service as an essential part of a Social Security Scheme for 100 per cent. of the people, and a request that the Labour Movement supports it and presses for such improvements as will bring it into line with the Labour Party's policy as expressed in a "National Service for Health."

A demand as part of any policy of Social Security, for all payments made to disabled men and their dependants, including the widows and children of those who have laid down their lives, to be fixed at a rate which raises them above the poverty line. ["It further considers that the present pension rates are grossly inadequate for this purpose and demands a substantial increase in them. This Conference urges the National Executive to bring pressure to bear on the Government to grant a flat-rate pension to all the parents of unmarried sons and/or daughters who lose their lives while serving in His Majesty's Forces, and that this pension be given without a Means Test."]

A special resolution submitted by the National Executive Committee reaffirmed the Conference's conviction that full employment and a high standard of living for those who work by hand and brain can only be secured within a planned economy through a maintenance and adaptation of appropriate economic controls after the war, and, above all, by the transfer to the State of the power to direct the policy of our main industries, services and financial institutions.

The Conference viewed with concern the present "chaotic" conditions of industry brought about by the Government's failure to plan Post-War Industry to link up with Wartime Industry, and demanded that no redundant person be discharged from his employment until he is placed in another job, and that he shall be paid a guaranteed rate under the Essential Works Order.

It instructed the next Labour Government immediately to nationalise the Bank of England, to overhaul the credit system, and also the financial policy of the country, in the interests of social progress.

It recognised that even in industries which remain under private ownership it is essential that wasteful redundancy and uneconomic competition be replaced by the orderly discipline of planned production, research and development, but declares its opposition to the dangerous undemocratic principles now being put forward by Trade Associations and other employers' organisations under which statutory powers would be exercised by private bodies of monopolistic character not directly responsible to Parliament.

Recognising too that great scientific and technical advances have taken place during the war, and realising that full employment and a better standard of living for everyone depend on the full utilisation of these advances and the continued progress of science, the Conference also called upon the National Executive Committee to frame a policy for the Post-War Development of Scientific and Industrial Research, in order that it may be used for the benefit of the whole community and not restricted to securing profits for a few individuals.

It welcomed the movement for the Workers' Association with the Control of Industry, and requested the National Executive Committee of the Party to prepare a Report on the Democratisation of Industry, and particularly to reconsider the machinery proposed in *Our Land* to making it more democratic by an Elected National Agricultural Commission and a corresponding Elected County Organisation.

It declared that bad housing conditions and the great housing shortage constitute the most urgent and critical of our social problems, which will be aggravated as Servicemen who have married during the war are demobilised and desire to set up their own homes. It regarded the plans and proposals so far put forward by the Government as totally inadequate.

The Labour Conference was of opinion that the high cost of land is a serious deterrent to good, courageous and efficient planning and the provision of housing, and reaffirms its view that the only satisfactory means of securing these objects is by the Nationalisation of the Land.

"Recognising" that the great majority of the towns which are in dire need of replanning and reconstruction—including the provision of large numbers of new houses—are industrial centres inhabited chiefly by working-class families, whose rent and rates are already much too high, the Conference also called upon the Government to purchase from State funds all land which may be required for the proper carrying out of national planning, reconstruction and the adequate housing of the people (including those of the blighted and blitzed areas); that the houses and other buildings shall also be paid for from State funds; that each Local Authority shall act as the Government's agent in its own area in respect of such land and buildings, and that the capital cost (without interest) shall be repaid by the Local Authority by annual payments spread over the estimated lifetime of the land, houses and other buildings.

As for the Labour Party's policy for export, the Party claims that it is possible to exaggerate its importance, and "this is even done by those who wish to make us believe that we cannot keep a high level of prosperity and employment in this country after the war. In fact, the manufacture of exports provided less than one-twelfth of our national income before the war," but the Socialists agree, however, that we need to sell exports in order to buy essential imports.

The Labour Party's attitude towards Civil Aviation is idealistic. It believes that air transport should be internationalised and, particularly, it urges that the trunk air lines round the world should be owned and operated as a public service by a body responsible to the Air World Authority, and competent to act as trustees for all the peoples whether they happen to be able to run their aircraft industry or not. . . .

With regard to Education, the Labour Party wants to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen immediately the war ends, and to sixteen within a minimum period of three years. It also wants schools for all children over eleven to be brought under a common code of regulations for secondary schools (all public education over the age of eleven and up to eighteen being classed as secondary) in whatever type of school it is conducted, with common standards of accommodation, staffing and so on. It wants the maximum size of classes to be reduced to thirty as soon as possible, while public schools are to be subject to a careful review.

The Labour Party's proposals are evidently clearly cut. They propose to put up 550 candidates or more, standing against National Labour candidates, with particular enthusiasm. They are delighted that the Liberal Party is likely to put up 350 candidates, because their experiences of 1929 suggest that Socialism benefits from three-cornered contests. They believe that the troops, both men and women, have had their interest in politics stimulated by A.B.C.A., and believe that there is now a tendency for them to go Left. Altogether, they think that the Liberals will do very badly at the polls and that it is a straight fight between them and the Conservatives. Nineteen of the present Labour M.P.s are definitely not seeking re-election; there may be others. Of the new candidates, about one in three is likely to be from the Services.

On left—
COMMANDER OF THE 14TH AIR FORCE—Major-General Claire Chennault, in China, where he works from dawn till dusk. Results of his planning have justified the long hours and the hard work—1,385 Jap planes destroyed, 24,479 enemy soldiers killed, 6,122 horses destroyed, 709,639 tons of Jap shipping wiped out

On right—
THE DEMOTION OF AN AMERICAN GENERAL—Major-General Lindsay Silvester, who commanded America's famed Seventh Armoured Division in the dash across France. He is now back in Washington, with the rank of Colonel. The reason for his demotion has not yet been announced

On left—
THE AGA KHAN, IN SWITZERLAND, with his new wife. One of the richest men in the world, the Aga Khan has been in neutral territory since the outbreak of the war. Recently he married again: this is the first picture of his new wife, formerly Mlle. Yvette Larbousse

On right—
FRANZ LEHAR, now under house arrest in Vienna. The composer of *The Merry Widow* and other operettas is believed to be part-Jewish: his wife is wholly Jewish. Hitherto, he has not been molested by the Nazis on account of his world-wide reputation, and had been described by them as a full Aryan

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

THE NIGHT LIFE OF PARIS—A SCENE DURING THE CABARET AT THE PARADISE, IN THE RUE FONTAINE, one of the many clubs which have reopened since the Liberation. Despite the absence of chromium-plate and neon lighting, despite also the electricity and heating shortages, Paris night-life contrasts sharply with the absence of such "luxuries" in dimmed-out London and even recalls the sparkle and dazzle of New York! Labour shortages have not yet affected the corps of "show girls," nor have the food and other shortages prevented the cabarets from being well attended by the general public

Since the Liberation of Paris, about two-thirds of the night clubs have reopened; in the audiences, many soldiers and officers are to be found enjoying a spectacle which may still be described as typically Parisian. The shortage of electricity has been the chief reason for the non-opening of the remaining one-third. The lighting difficulty makes most of the cafes close one day a week, though they do keep open on Sundays—when they are crowded. There is only one dance hall in the capital allowed to be open on Sunday night. Cafe hours vary, but the average is 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. at night, and three o'clock to six o'clock in the afternoon

LIFE TO-DAY in the FRENCH CAPITAL

A VOLUNTARY EFFORT BY FRENCH BOY SCOUTS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS: This little band of volunteers tours the city in search of clothing and household goods for distribution to war victims. Despite scenes of comparative luxury in the night clubs and along the boulevards, in the poorer quarters of Paris there is very real suffering amongst those who cannot afford black market prices: clothing, fuel and lighting are all scarce, and many of the working classes are suffering considerably

THE PARIS BOULEVARDS ARE "LIT UP": Unlike London, the black-out has been partially lifted in the French capital, and numbers of shops now have their windows brilliantly illuminated at night. One of the few cheap forms of amusement left to the Parisians is to make a tour of such window-displays

THE FIRST HEAVY SNOWS OF THE YEAR: A line forms early in the morning in front of a cafe in central Paris for a ration of ersatz "coffee." French officials say that the food situation is "normal" after four years of occupation, but all food supplies are still very limited

With the coldest month of the year, February, still to come, the working girls of Paris are having a bad time in the homes, offices and fashion salons of the capital. The temperature has been near to zero—and no relief is yet in sight. Warm clothing is scarce, coal is non-existent even in the black market, and the small quantities of wood are hard to get and prohibitive in price. The 1945 Parisian piles on all the clothing she can, and types wearing all her street clothes. Tiny electric heaters, which throw out very little heat but take the chill off the room, are in great demand, but they too are hard to find. Rabbit-skin vests and sleeveless coats bring fancy prices in smart shops as well as in the open-air markets

TYPISTS AND CLERKS IN THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF INFORMATION OFFICES carry on their duties in unheated rooms, working in full street clothing. Unlike the years of the German occupation, when coal was at least available from the black market, Paris has no coal this year, although a small quantity has been promised in the near future for the sick and the aged

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

MAKE AND MEND.—I cannot expect to live to see the new cities and towns which will arise one day on the ruined sites of the old cities and towns I knew. I am sorry for this, because I feel the keenest interest—tempered with some anxiety—about these results. The difficulties ahead are tremendous, the problems complex. The authorities who will be responsible should all be composed of supermen. At present they are not so composed, and it is hard to believe that there are enough supermen alive to give a working majority to a tithe of those central and local authorities. Yet every effort should be made while there is still time to recruit to such authorities men and women of taste, of vision, imagination and courage, untainted by personal aims and commercial practices. It is a prime duty of citizenship to-day to overhaul and reconstitute with the best available material the committees which will be responsible for these important tasks. Otherwise, the last state of our cities and towns and villages will be worse, if possible, than the first. I do not pretend to understand how the new powers to be vested in local authorities will be agreed or conditioned, or will work out in practice. The curse of our age between wars was the speculative realtor and builder, and the curse worked out because these speculators and peculators had spies and allies in the councils of the controlling authorities, men who sympathised with, and themselves practised "within the law," those shrewd commercial strokes which are given opportunity in all development schemes. And those men are still there—waiting, hoping, watching. Parliament is active to prevent abuse, but Parliament and Whitehall are often too far off to prevent irreparable damage from quick and criminal or vulgar decisions. A section of the Press is active for decency, another section is clamorous for development at any price.

Yet in no modern problem do the claims of tradition call so loudly for respect. The ideal planner must be steeped in the past and rooted in the present and open-eyed to the future, and must besides possess every quality of the perfect trustee.

Again, there is no yardstick common to the reconstruction of English towns. There is a fiercer individuality among cities than among men. What may be right for York might be hopelessly wrong for Liverpool, and what suits Brighton might be suicide for Canterbury.

Characteristic Counties.—When motoring became almost universal practice, Englishmen discovered a truth long hidden from them. They found that what is true of the men and women of one county and another is equally (or more) true of the terrain of those counties themselves. Each and all are fiercely characteristic and individual. The new motorist learned quickly to discover within a mile of the border the point at which he had crossed from one county into another. The cottages, the fields, the trees, the very atmosphere, changed instantly. The traditions and atmosphere of each county town are distinct and strong and individual. Guildford's County Hall would not suit Northampton; it would not suit even Chichester. Council cottages satisfactory enough near Birmingham may be an affliction near Goodwood.

If that seems all too obvious, it has not in the past been obviously accepted truth. No architect *worth the name* has ever divorced his creation in brick or stone from the setting in which he raised it. He has always started out on the principle that his creations must harmonise with the natural features of the landscape, and often can best do so by the use of local materials. No one would argue that the stone of Somersetshire must never be used outside that county; but it is certainly often exactly right in Somersetshire. But, then, no one would argue that what is right in one part of London is equally apt in another. London is ten cities in four counties.

When you object (as you well may) that there is really no excuse for forcing upon you this string of platitudes, I can only refer you to the definition of platitude. Experience suggests that these truths are by no means universally accepted. Alternatively, that, if accepted in theory, they have too seldom been accepted in practice. In short, it is impossible for even exuberant spirits to expect that, in the first vital years ahead, the authorities responsible for rebuilding England will be freed from the fetters of divided control and purged from the dross of vulgarity and commercialism which still obstruct sound development and right planning. In the ranks of the designers there are scores of men of taste and vision; their number increases, but their ranks are not yet purged. Nothing can save us but a mighty improvement in *national* taste, and that can hardly be looked for in less than thirty years under the new Charter of Education.

The Happy Marriage.—In many important instances, the authorities of blitzed and storied cities have already put forward detailed plans for reconstruction, and in these plans there is clear evidence that they have acknowledged the vital need for the happy marriage of tradition with modern ideals of convenience and comfort. Kick out the traditions, and eliminate the surviving relics of the Plymouth known to Drake and the English seamen of the sixteenth century, and the new Plymouth would have little beyond its natural setting to make it interesting. It might be a fine model of the new ideals of town planning, approved by doctors and sanitary inspectors and port authorities, but it would have lost its chief claim to charm—its continuity of existence as a settlement of generations of English seamen—it would have lost its "atmosphere" or sense of the past.

Plymouth authorities clearly appreciate that. So do the authorities of Coventry and a dozen more cities who have already put forth plans. That is very encouraging as far as it goes, but a variety of doubts and snags loom ahead and separate sound plans from sound performance. It is not enough, for instance, to create a dead museum within a live new city. The charm of ancient buildings lies chiefly in their continuity of use and usefulness. The charm of Hatfield House is greater than the charm of Kenilworth. The first has been for centuries the home of the Cecils and continuously a living force in English culture and high political traditions. The second is a lovely but ruined relic of the past.

Or, to go nearer to my own home and experience, take the Inns of Court. My love for the Inner Temple (which called me to the Bar) was largely due to a sense of the past. It lies in ruins to-day, and it is fair to say that many of its ruined buildings were in very inferior taste. It possessed a matchless setting and had made very poor use of it. Its gems jostled shoulder to shoulder with ugly, commonplace erections. Its planners had made no effort to use the setting by making vistas to the river, cloisters and colonnades. Will they be able to do better to-day? Will they be given the means? In this modern problem of the wise marriage of tradition to modern ideas, modern methods of building and modern commercial and financial considerations for ever obtrude, obstruct and discourage.

Snags in Plenty.—The architectural gems of the past were the work of craftsmen, the life-work of humble artists to whom Time was an ally, not a tyrant. Their craft and art and labour raised the Church of the Templars, the Middle Temple Hall, or Hatfield House. Are there enough of these "relics of the building trade" to set on foot a national rebuilding of historic sites? And if there are, there arises in wealthy, populous cities the complex problems of finance, of site values computed at hundreds of pounds sterling per square foot. In such places, the ground-levels are so valuable that space cannot be bought, and buildings rise to the skies and jostle each other and rob their neighbours of light and air and amenity because light and air and vista and amenity are too costly to be bought.

And assuming (a large assumption) you overcome these snags, secure your craftsmen and can pay them and pay for your space, can you eliminate the hardly-less imminent risk that, here or there, all your labour and all your hopes may be set at nought by the bad taste or faulty judgment of those you employ to advise you or direct your work?

The best available architects of the day have usually been employed to plan and execute important public buildings in our great cities, and much of their work still stands as an awful lesson of the frailty of men's choice, of the hollowness of reputation, or of the execrable taste of several past generations. For ever the dilemma—divorced from its current economic problems—looms before all rebuilding planners.

That city or house which is mummified into a museum is a dead city or a dead house. But that historic city or house which loses its continuity of existence as a living city or house loses its charm, its sense of the past, its atmosphere, and thereby loses a large part of its claim to national pride and love. A new settlement may be only a Peacehaven; it may be a glorious monument to the taste and culture of a new generation; but it cannot yet be a part of English history and of the English heritage. It must "work its passage home" into our history, if it be a meritorious design.

THE NAVAL TRADITION, as exemplified by Petty Officer Ruth Kitson: A party of 200 Wrens is leaving this country to serve at naval bases in Australia. Amongst them is Petty Officer Ruth Kitson, who comes from a well-known naval family: she has nine uncles all serving with the Royal Navy, amongst whom are Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Karslake Kitson, Vice-Admiral R. Kitson, Captain P. Kitson, Commanders A. and J. Kitson, and Lieutenants C., K., and I. Kitson. Her father (and the tenth brother) is Colonel R. G. Kitson, late of the 5th Devonshires

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT in Burma: Miss Ursula Graham Bower, thirty years old, is a wealthy woman whose dramatic story has just been made public. Thousands of miles from her native London, Miss Bower, leading fierce head-hunting tribesmen of the Naga Hills against the Japs, set up observation posts and a warning system of beacons and native runners so that the Fourteenth Army could know in advance the direction and time of Japanese raids towards the vital Assam Railway running into Northern India

THE ENGLISH NURSING SISTER in Belgium: Sister Marie Gent, of Kensington, who carries out her duties at a forward hospital just behind the battle line

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

SEE HOW THEY RUN (Comedy).—There were no mice and there was no farmer's wife. But they certainly did run, those five parsons, and so should the piece. For this is a slap-dash sort of farce, in which the majority of the British public seem to delight. It has to be well done, and in this case the entertainment, of its type, could hardly be better. The author knows his job, and the acting is first-rate, with Mr. George Gee foremost among the parsons, although there is a bishop (not a real one) in the cast who takes ecclesiastical precedence. The parson I was most sorry for was Mr. Ronald Simpson, who had to spend the greater part of an Arctic evening in his underclothes.

Uncle Vanya (New).—There is precious little to laugh at in this play by Chekov of scenes from Russian country life; nor is there intended to be. Much of it seems—this is purely a personal viewpoint—almost intolerably tedious. But a great deal of this tedium is relieved in the present Old Vic revival by the immaculate manner in which it has been produced, and by the perfection of the acting of everyone concerned, notably that of Mr. Laurence Olivier as Dr. Astrov, Mr. Ralph Richardson in the title-role, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Miss Joyce Redman. Miss Tanya Moiseiwitch's scenery and costumes are exquisite.

The Years Between (Wyndham's).—Miss Daphne du Maurier has chosen a biggish theme for her play of wartime domesticity, and if she has not quite done the trick she has given us much that is deeply interesting. Her scene is an English equivalent of that of *Uncle Vanya*. The squire has been absent on war service abroad for some years and is presumed dead. The squiress has taken to politics and also to a gentleman farmer in the neighbourhood, whom she is about to marry. Then the squire returns, in the person of Mr. Clive Brook—also returning to the London stage after years of (film) service abroad. There is a deuce of a muddle and far too much talk. But, though uneven, the play is distinctly worth while.

ECHOES of the LONDON "BLITZ"

And Other News Pictures of Home Interest

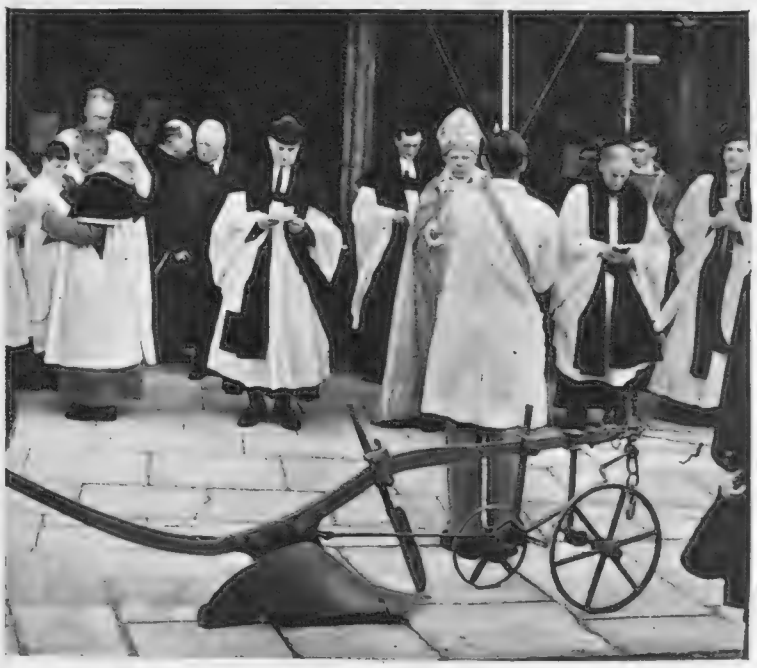
WHEN PADDINGTON STATION WAS HIT BY HIGH EXPLOSIVES: It can now be made public that on March 3, 1944, direct hits were made on Paddington Station by German high explosives and a large incendiary. One bomb exploded on Platforms Six and Seven, making a crater 40 ft. wide and 12 ft. deep. This picture was taken as workmen were filling in the big hole. By evening of the same day all the obstructed lines had been restored

THE LINES WERE BLOCKED—but not for long: In July 1944, a German flying bomb sent masonry on to the railway lines just outside Moorgate Station. (A good deal of the wreckage seen in this picture had been caused in the 1940 blitz, however.) A few hours' work by a repair squad, and the lines were again in working order

HOUSES WHICH ARE TO BE USED FOR BOMBED-OUT FAMILIES: This row of substantial-looking family residences has been taken over by the Paddington Borough Council: they are in Westbourne Terrace Road and will be shortly used for homeless families in the London area. The Chelsea, Westminster, Kensington and Marylebone authorities are also arranging for similar accommodation for people from boroughs hard hit in the raids

ASSEMBLING BLOCKS FOR PARTITIONING ROOMS in houses taken over for air-raid victims: Some eighty houses in Paddington, including some which were formerly classed as mansions, are undergoing alterations which will assure to the new occupiers sufficient living-space for their families. The rents charged will be in relation to the means of the tenant

A PLAQUE FOR H.M.S. "VIGILANT": A picture taken during the visit by the Mayor of Launceston and party to the British destroyer *Vigilant* to present a plaque commemorating the ship's adoption by "The inhabitants of the Borough of Launceston and the rural district during Warship Week, March 1942." The Mayor of Launceston, Alderman G. E. Drood, J.P., is seen presenting the plaque to the ship's commanding officer, Lieut.-Commander L. W. L. Angles, R.N., of Arlesford, Hants. Also seen from left to right are Mr. L. S. Peter, Town Clerk; Mr. R. H. Keast, Launceston National Savings Secretary, and Mr. N. Heard, Vice-Chairman of Broadwood District Council



"PLOW MONDAY" SERVICE IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL: On January 15 last the historic and ancient ceremony of Blessing the Plough was conducted by Dr. Bell, the Bishop of Chichester. The service marked the beginning of the year's ploughing, and for the first time for many generations an actual plough was carried into the Cathedral and blessed by the Bishop. The presentation of the County Banner to the West Sussex Young Farmers' Club was held outside the west door of the Cathedral. The ceremony was attended by Sir L. Joynson-Hicks, M.P. for West Sussex, and Lord Leconfield, Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A WIDE SWEEP IN HISTORY

Mr. Arthur Bryant's Epic Story of the Years from 1802 to 1812; and an Assortment of the Latest Novels, Embracing the Widest Interests

THERE is a clear parallel, which the author is the last to ignore, between the period treated in Mr. Arthur Bryant's new book and our own days. YEARS OF VICTORY (Collins. 12s.) covers the epoch from 1802 to 1812, and the gradual destruction of the great force built up by Napoleon. His dominion over Europe was broken, first by the slow but progressive encirclement from the sea, and then by a bold invasion of the European fortress. It is easy enough to see the similarity as we read of it here, but the memory of these facts has not been powerful enough in our lifetimes to prevent our reliving the anguish and the danger.

Mr. Bryant has the great merit, as an historian, of being able to see the full sweep and pattern of his subject, and, as a writer, of being able to convey the inevitability with which that pattern is worked out. The strength of his design is that, though it gives one the sense of great ease in accomplishment, it must be the outcome of a meticulous literary plan. His book is easy and fluid in the reading, and that is an achievement almost invariably based on real labour in construction.

The book opens in the summer of 1802, with England relaxing in what seemed the peace after the Treaty of Amiens, and a wave of optimism was sweeping through this country. It closes with the battle of Ciudad Rodrigo, an important victory for Wellington and his "drunken set of brave rascals," and the beginning of the end for the Emperor Napoleon, who was even then conscripting his Grand Army for the Russian campaign.

Wellington's own assessment of Napoleon is relevant here:

"Napoleon's plan was always to try to give a great battle, gain a great victory, patch up a peace, such a peace as might leave an opening for a future war, and then hurry back to Paris. We starved him out. We showed him that we wouldn't let him fight a battle at first except under disadvantages. If you do fight, we shall destroy you; if you do not fight, we shall in time destroy you still."

WHY YOU CANNOT SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS ON THE BEACH: Although restrictions have been removed from most of the seaside towns, it is still dangerous to walk along the beaches in some parts. Every day officers and men of the Royal Engineers locate and explode mines that have been washed ashore, and it will be a long time before it can be safely said that the coasts of England are really free from mines. One of the mines is here seen being exploded, watched by some of the sappers

That is, and has apparently long since been, the stuff to give 'em.

The seven stories in Mr. Robert Payne's new book, THE CHINESE SOLDIER (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), are, as a harmonious collection and as separate entities, completely satisfying to read. Although they could not be given to a young writer as perfect examples of the short-story form as Tchekov, and, in our day, Maugham, understand it, they yet have a quality of completeness in themselves that is quite admirable. Mr. Payne may not be an exponent of the tightly-woven, compact plot, or what is sometimes commercially called "the strong-story line," but he is a creator of atmosphere second to none, and a writer of strong but graceful English.

My own first choice among the stories, though perhaps that is an invidious approach to seven such varied subjects, is the tale which gives the book its title, and which describes a few months in the life of a young fighting man, Feng Kien-Tien. In this fairly brief narrative, there is perfectly conveyed the relationship between soldiers and a good commanding officer, which might be as true in the Chinese or any other of the Allied armies; the suggestion of good luck always brought by the sight of Colonel Lui, the love and confidence the troops have in him and the devotion of young Feng when the Colonel is badly wounded.

This is a memorable little piece of work, and so in its very different way is *The Body of Alexander Nevsky*, the story of the exhumation of the great Russian saint, and the strange and disturbing discovery that was made. Mr. Payne writes like a poet, with restraint, with imagination and with delicacy; this is a book to savour and to enjoy at leisure.

The trouble with the hero of Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's new novel is quite a simple one as far as I am concerned: he is just dull. This Rufus Greyne is a painter whose absorption in form and colour dominates his life to the exclusion of nearly all human relationships, and consequently to the extinction of his own personality, which lacks all the warmth and light that go into his intellectual preoccupation. He might be an original, an enchanting, a bad-tempered or a lovable man; it is impossible to tell, and even the will to conjecture flags a little after a few chapters of this virtual anonymity.

FIREWEED (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) covers the years 1885 to 1943 in the lives of an English family, but principally in the life of a son, Rufus, who is wounded in the First World War, and begins to develop his career as a painter in hospital in France. Between the wars he lives and exhibits in Paris, where he is singularly untouched by the devotion of his friends or the love of his young mistress. He returns to England, losing sight of the girl, and, on a brief impulse, marries an Englishwoman, only to divorce her a few years later. In the end, he marries the girl who had loved him in France many years before, but she is killed in a blitz only a few hours after their wedding, and, but for his painting, his life is once more left empty.

Since this story is written by Miss Royde-Smith there should be no need to expatiate on the smoothness or style of its technique, that carry the reader effortlessly along from page to page, or on the fullness of the story itself, in which, incidentally, the most interesting character is also the most consistently disagreeable, a fading but tenacious beauty of unparalleled selfishness.

Mr. Romain Gary handles his story with a light touch; you are not aware of him as the author. He presents his setting, the forests and towns of Nazi-occupied Poland during the winter of 1942, and the characters of the children in the underground movement, and then steps back, leaving you the reality of the story with no comment. He lays before you a series of photographs, clear in their flat light and shadow, that remain two-dimensional.

FOREST OF ANGER (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.) stands by its title. The battle is fought out in the Polish forests and the theme is anger. The children stay alive in it and die in it; Zosia, who has been forced to sleep with the German soldiers and who loves the boy Janek, tells him "I know hate. The Germans taught it me. The Germans have a bullet for everything. A bullet for the breast and a bullet for hope, a bullet for beauty and a bullet for love. I hate them."

The style is terse, and the scenes staccato and spasmodic as bursts of machine-gun fire. It is written with economy, cold with the deathly cold of a Polish winter and yet warm with the human feeling of the unity of all people in the fight for freedom, for it is the winter of Stalingrad. Thousands of miles away the Red Army holds out in what seems a hopeless battle, and as long as that Army stands firm, so long are Janek and the children with him aware they are not fighting alone. Janek's friends die and he becomes a regular soldier in the organised Polish Army. It is a story that, in its pathos and uncompromising honesty, cannot fail to move you.

Before writing a book, Miss Shirley Seifert makes herself fully conversant with the factual background of her subject, and her new novel, THOSE WHO GO AGAINST THE CURRENT (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.), gives an authentic picture of the American settlement in Mississippi and Missouri during the late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries.

Her chief character, Manuel Lisa, is a child of Spanish parents, and is born with a talent for trade, as other men may be born musicians or painters.

A BLIND BOY PRODIGY, who composed his own music at the age of five. Now aged nine, a fund has been started for his further musical education: Jimmy Osborne, of Romford, Essex, who in 1940, at the age of five, composed a piece of music which he called "Clamater," suggested to him by the various noises he heard during a raid. Recently, five U.S. Air Force officers heard him play a Bach Cantata, although Jimmy has never had a music lesson in his life. The airmen decided to do something to help him complete his musical education. Already £100 has been raised, and the officers hope to raise £1,000 by putting on a carnival for Jimmy, whom they have now adopted as their mascot

He rises in riches by exchanging merchandise with the Indians. When the country is purchased from Napoleon, he works against the rascally American Governor and takes expeditions up the Mississippi into unexplored country. He marries twice, the first time out of pity for a white woman and her child whom he rescues from the Indians; the second time for love.

His exaggerated gallantry and audacity make him a colourful figure, which Miss Seifert successfully brings to life.

The descriptions of the trading are very detailed and tend at times to hold up the development of the story, but if this is a fault, then it is one on the right side, and will, no doubt, be welcomed.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The mystery stories from N. Marsh's pen."

N. Marsh being, of course, Miss Ngaio Marsh, one of the best of all contemporary writers of detective fiction. Her latest contribution to the shelf of whodunit classics is DIED IN THE WOOL (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.), with a New Zealand setting and ingeniously-planned murder.

Considering the book calmly and after an interval of two days, it occurs to me that it would take one of Miss Marsh's peculiarly-fiendish criminals to have thought up this murder, and the hideously-appropriate disposal of the corpse. The scene of the crime is a sheep station in the southern island of New Zealand, the victim the station's rich woman owner, who is also an M.P. and a "managing" type of woman generally, and the way in which the corpse is tucked away out of sight is at the same time perfectly gruesome and excessively neat. For further details please read the book.

Inspector Alleyn, on an official visit from Scotland Yard, solves the mystery and learns a good deal about sheep-farming and wool-shearing in the process—as, incidentally, does the ever-receptive reader.

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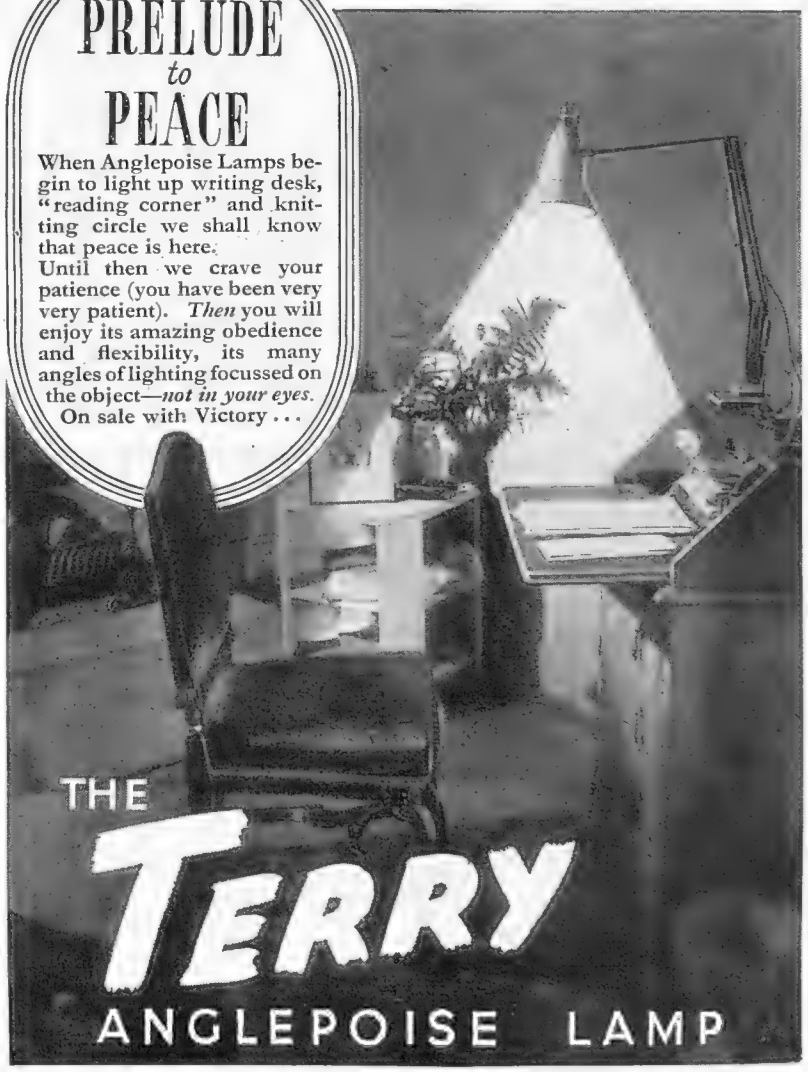

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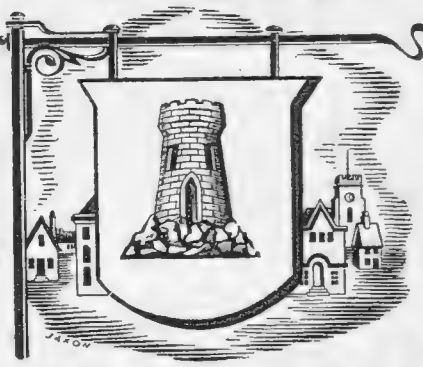

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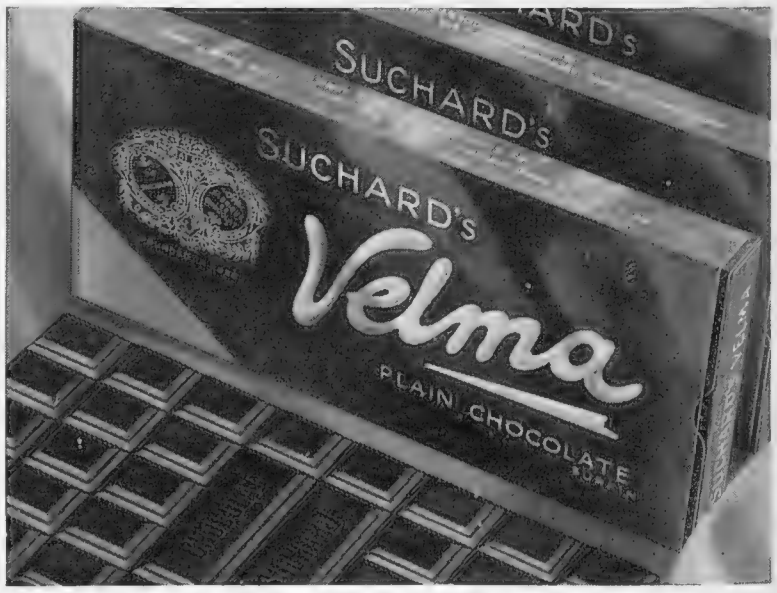

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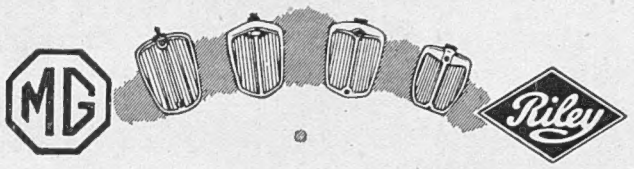

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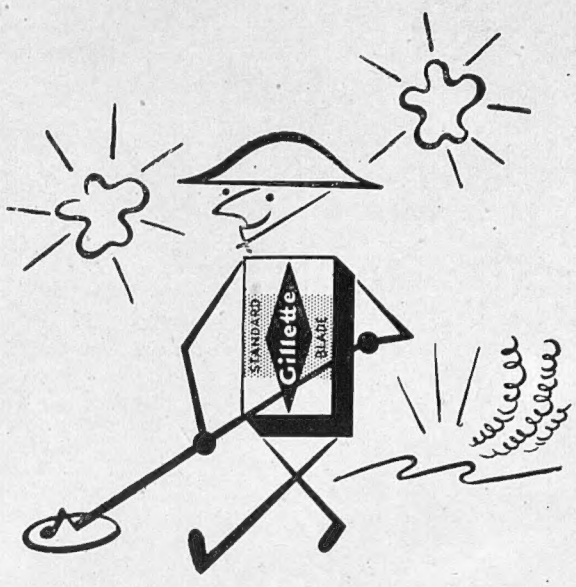

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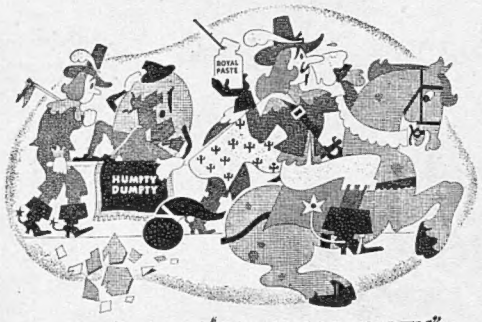

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